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Literature

J. A. Symonds in the Swiss Highlands *

'OUR LIFE in the Swiss Highlands,' by Mr. John Addington Symonds and his daughter Margaret, is made up partly of sketches that have appeared in *The Fortnightly Review*, *The Cornhill Magazine*, and other periodicals, and partly of similar papers not before printed. It is largely devoted to the Engadine, especially in its winter aspects, though the Italian slope of the Alps and the orchards of Tyrol furnish material for portions of it. Delightful records of quiet days at Davos—of whose history in the olden time, before it became a haunt of tourists, much curious and entertaining information is given—mingle with thrilling stories of storm and avalanche. Of the avalanches Mr. Symonds made a special study, and tells us of their several sorts—the *Staub-Lawine*, or dust-avalanche, of dry and finely powdered sand, which comes 'attended with a whirlwind, which lifts the snow from a whole mountain-side and drives it onward through the air,' and which, on reaching the earth, hardens into ice, 'wrapping the objects which have been borne onward by its blast tightly round in a firm implacable clasp'; the *Schlag-Lawine*, or stroke-avalanche, of sodden snow, which 'slips along the ground, following the direction given by ravines and gullies, or finding a way forward through the forests by its sheer weight'; the *Grund-Lawine*, or ground-avalanche, which differs from the preceding in carrying a vast amount of earth and rubbish down with it, a 'filthy and disreputable' mass, 'the worst, the most wicked' of its kind; and the *Schnee-Rutsch*, or snow-slip, a small variety of the stroke-avalanche, liable to fall at any time and in nearly all kinds of weather, but very dangerous though small, 'for it rises as it goes, catches the legs of a man, lifts him off his feet, and winds itself around him in a quiet but inexorable embrace.' Mr. Symonds once saw from his hotel window at Davos-Platz a coal-cart with two horses swept away by 'a very insignificant Schnee-Rutsch.' The man and one horse kept their heads above the snow and were extricated; the other horse was dead before he could be dug out. There is a Davos proverb to the effect that 'a pan of snow may kill a man.' A special form of the snow-slip is known as the *Wind-Schild*. This is a mass of snow drifted by the wind on a slope until it becomes too heavy to sustain itself and 'slips downward like snow from a steep roof,' giving no warning of its approach. According to an official report of the damage done by avalanches in the canton in the winter of 1887-88, the buildings wrecked were 'four chapels, fifteen dwelling-houses, one hundred and seventeen large stables, eighteen hay-barns, thirteen huts upon the Alpine pastures, two flour-mills, two saw-mills, one distillery, and ten wooden bridges.' Only thirteen persons perished, other victims being extricated alive.

There are many graphic and charming descriptions of scenery and of natural phenomena—moonrise and moonset, cloud iridescence, autumn mists, night on high peaks and glaciers, etc.—with no less spirited pictures of Swiss athletic sports, such as 'tobogganning on a glacier,' 'hay-hauling on the Alpine snow,' feasts in cherry orchards, Bacchic festivals in

* Our Life in the Swiss Highlands. By J. A. Symonds and his Daughter Margaret. \$2.50. Macmillan & Co.

winter, and much else of the local manners and customs. Graceful 'vignettes in verse' are interspersed, for, as the reader is aware, Mr. Symonds is a poet. His prose shows it no less than his verse. His daughter inherits her father's talent, though she writes only in prose.

Dr. Briggs's Latest Book*

IN HIS LATEST volume, entitled 'The Bible, the Church and the Reason,' Dr. Charles A. Briggs shows no sign of weakening or weariness. Rather does he renew his strength. He presents Christianity in a form to interest even the most hardened evolutionists, 'men of science,' 'honest doubters,' and the hosts of earnest men outside the Church. While assaulting his critics in self-defense, and carrying the war into the Africa of reactionary ecclesiasticism, he has also written tracts for the times which are likely to convert many of the unchurched. Indeed, this book reminds us, in more ways than one, of Baxter's 'Call to the Unconverted.' Dr. Briggs, whether intentionally or not, shows to all who love their race and grope after the Unseen, charms which the average sermonizer and theologian do not reveal. For example, in his lecture on 'The Reason as a Great Fountain of Divine Authority,' he says:—'The salvation or damnation of the heathen is the great problem of modern theology. * * * The circumnavigation of the globe not only disclosed the limited conceptions of our earth, but also the limited conceptions of the older systems of theology. These systems must expand to the size of the world or burst.' The treatment of theology under the hands of this scholar becomes one of widest human interest, apart from names and traditions.

We have marked so many pages for note or quotation that on coming to the task of writing we must waive, any attempt at adequate treatment, and refer the reader to the work itself, which *must* be read. It is the strongest book Dr. Briggs has yet written. Of the seven lectures, two have been published in whole or in part; but five are new, and these five show the author to be the leading theologian in the United States. The themes are treated logically, clearly, with literary charm and a tremendous array of authorities. They are the 'Bible and the Church,' 'The Reason as a Great Fountain of Divine Authority,' 'The Three Fountains of Divine Authority' (the Bible, the Church and the Reason), 'Is Holy Scripture Inerrant?,' 'The Higher Criticism,' 'Biblical History' and 'The Messianic Ideal.' The appendix is a volume by itself, and furnishes what so many desire—a small and workable apparatus, showing the methods and results of the higher criticism. Dr. Briggs shows that this method was made and brought towards perfection in its application to ancient and modern literature long before it was applied to the writings called Holy Scripture, and that it is fatuous in men to imagine that the Bible must be 'protected' against it. He sustains his positions by the witness of mighty names in all the Christian centuries. In the section headed 'Who are the Higher Critics?' he shows by the list he gives that pretty nearly all the scholars on both sides of the Atlantic are in this category. In appendices VII. and VIII. is shown to the eye the actually Mosaic character of the traditionally Mosaic writings, and in those numbered XIV. and XV. it is shown that the narratives of the creation and fall of man are poems in both form and spirit.

In a word, although Dr. Briggs is obliged by stress of attack to foil his enemies both by strategy and tactics, yet the whole method employed is that of a revolution in theologic war. He lifts up the whole subject so far above a mere strife of words and contention for tradition, that it becomes of interest to all thinking men. To preachers who want live topics, the glowing paragraphs which show the constructive gains of higher criticism, there is material here for a whole course of sermons. The apocryphal period, heretofore a

* The Bible, the Church and the Reason. By Charles A. Briggs. \$1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons.

vacuum in the average theological mind, becomes a period of most intensely human and spiritual interest. Dr. Briggs's book is a veritable beast of Daniel's apocalypse let loose among the old sermon-barrels. It breaks in pieces whole libraries of tradition, and stamps the residue thereof, to the dismay of the owners dead and living. To those, however, who believe that the literature of the Bible is not that of 'ground nests that are swept away by floods or confounded by the plow,' but rather the literature of power which 'builds nests in aerial altitudes sacred from violation or in forests inaccessible to fraud,' this prophet's preaching will be welcome.

Montrose*

THE DEATH-SCENE of Montrose is a favorite subject with historical painters, and its reproduction in art has probably gone far to exalt his memory as a martyr. There are few historical tragedies more sudden and complete, or more attended with circumstances which are likely to move sympathy for the sufferer and indignation against the persecutors.

All the details of the last few days of Montrose's life are such as touch the heart—the crowds that gloated over the unfortunate man as he was slowly conducted up the steep ascent of the Canongate seated in a cart driven by the common hangman, the fearful, scornful looks of Argyll surveying from a balcony the disgraceful progress of his fallen enemy, the heartless persecution of the covenanting ministers during his brief imprisonment, the inhuman sentence pronounced at the bar of Parliament, the public hanging of him as a common malefactor for whom the axe was too honorable. All these refinements of cruelty, carried out as they were by the party whose hope and darling he had been in earlier years, fill in the outlines of a picture which is one of the saddest in the history of Scotland. But there is another side to the story of Montrose. Early in life a warm adherent of Argyll's party he suddenly became an ardent supporter of the King; his swift conversion happening immediately after an interview with Charles. In his case as in that of Strafford this quick change of heart afforded ground for grave doubt as to his sincerity and his purity of motive. Was he, or was he not, seduced by the alluring vision of a Marquisate and of future unlimited power in Scotland as the favorite of the King? Was he or was he not a man of honor? Was he or was he not a traitor to the Covenant?

These questions have been long debated in the historical forum, and Mr. Morris's book leaves them still unsettled as they must in all likelihood remain forever, for their settlement depends upon the interpretation of the inmost and unuttered motives of the soul. The only plea which can be entered for Montrose is expressed by the author as follows:—'The change that is now perceptible in Montrose's attitude both towards King and Covenant is compatible with our belief in his intelligence and honesty only on the ground that he believed the work of the Covenant, as he interpreted it, to have been done, that he believed Charles to have learnt his lesson, and that henceforth it was the part of every true Scotchman to stand by the King so long as the King stood by his word.' This is very much the same plea that is entered by Prof. Gardiner for the Earl of Strafford, and it is a plea which in itself admits the inherent weakness of the case. The plea of just motive, or of motive at all, whether just or unjust, is one which is the last resort of historians, and it is evident that the interpretation of human motives, whether those of a Montrose, a Strafford or a Bacon, will be as various as the interpreters are. Grant that in the case of Montrose the assumption of Mr. Morris is true, yet what a total misapprehension in him of the spirit of the times is disclosed, and what a lack of judgment! The book which Mr. Morris has been good enough to give us is extremely interesting and distinctly unpartisan. He is inclined to

give his hero the benefit of every doubt, but it is as impartial as any biographer could be expected to be.

Parkman's "Half-Century of Conflict" *

IN THE SERIES of historical narratives (we had rather say masterpieces) illustrative of the contest between France and England for the possession of North America, this book fills a hiatus. The culmination of the drama was in the achievement of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, and the story of this triumph Mr. Parkman has already told. The present volume, forming Part VI., fills the gap, and like a missing stone fitly set completes a glorious arch. No sign of undesirous change or weakness is seen in the product before us. As the reader thinks of the historian's great industry and his perseverance in the face of obstacles within and without, he is impressed with his indomitable will and the splendid unity of his achievement.

The time covered is from the year 1700, but the nature of the scenes and of the arena does not permit a continuous story. The work is really a collection of episodes. Within the great war itself, like the bays or widenings of a long river, were several minor wars. Queen Anne's is first described, and the state of the tormented frontier of New York and New England set forth with a sympathy and vividness that help us to appreciate these days of calm and prosperity. Detroit, Deerfield, Acadia and Lowell's Fight keep us in north-eastern regions, but anon we are transported to Louisiana, and thus realize the vast proportions of space covered in the struggle between Latin and Teutonic civilization. The second volume conducts us from the far West, where intrepid explorers are revealing the mysteries of a continent and seeking a path to the Pacific and China, to the Northeast again, where Louisburg frowns but yields. The story of its capture by the citizen-soldiery of New England is such as could be told only by one familiar with all the ins and outs of early colonial and Yankee life, as well as with the documents from many archives on both sides of the Atlantic. A chapter is devoted to Fort Massachusetts and its gallant defense, and here the work closes. A long appendix follows, of French and English texts. It is needless to say that the maps and plans are numerous, full and clear, and that the equipment of the work from title-page to index is of the best.

The characteristics that prove Mr. Parkman to be the first of living American historians, and possibly of all American historians living or dead, are in this work strikingly manifest. Long and patient study of original records and authorities at first hand is his rule. The patience and perseverance with which he pursues a fact or an assertion, which to most writers would seem trivial and unworthy of time or notice, is astonishing. He will prove its truth or falsity if it be possible. His minute knowledge of topography and his outdoor investigations, his love and keen observation of nature, make his finished work more like a canvas full of fine drawing and splendid coloring than simple literature. First of all a cold-blooded and conscientious chronicler, he is also an interpreter of keenest insight. His description and analysis of the change in the spirit of the Jesuit missionary from that of self-devoted apostleship to that of political craft (Vol. I., pp. 206-209) is a case in point. The few words descriptive of the author's visit to the site of Fort Massachusetts near Williamstown, Mass., and his conjecture about the horse-radish is one of a hundred touches that kindle the imagination and call up pictures of the past.

In criticism, it could easily be demonstrated that Mr. Parkman's limitations are shown in his apparent prejudice in favor of scenes and incidents renowned in the traditions of New England rather than of New York. A selection had of course to be made, but the elect events in this case are those best known to New Englanders. For example,

*A Half-Century of Conflict. By Francis Parkman. 2 vols. \$5. Little, Brown & Co.

the great and decisive work of Sir William Johnson is but slightly referred to, while of the Indian fight near Schenectady in 1748, no mention is made, though smaller and no more important skirmishes elsewhere are detailed. Nevertheless, the work is one of signal ability expressed in fascinating literary form.

"The Story of the Stick"*

THE CURIOUS COMPLEXITIES and comicalities of civilization are brought out with quaint emphasis when a whole book can be devoted to the walking-stick and its numerous kindred, from the King's sceptre to the rhabdomancer's rod. Next, somebody will take watch-chains for a 'speciality,' or sleeve-buttons, or the jewelled eyes in time-pieces, and write a monograph full of lore and learning on them. Modern research is rabbinical in its minuteness; nothing less than the five folios of Mlle. de Scudéry's romance will suffice its appetite for detail; Camden's 'Britannia' is not now large enough for a dissertation upon buttons. What curious lore hangs to a pompadour slipper, to the curls of one of Molière's 'Précieuses,' to the color of Lucrezia Borgia's hair, to the names of Catherine II.'s lovers! Where will learning stop when it begins to enumerate the names of Laura's poodles or Maintenon's lap-dogs, of the hues in the Bayeux Tapestry or the bas-reliefs in Trajan's Column? The curiosity-shops of the past are ransacked for subjects; an ant-like mania for collecting develops in the soul of the rich; and the millionaire is not content till he has presented the local museum with bottles, plates, and jugs of every conceivable shape, size, and mark.

'Shade is hurtful to the singers,' and sticks will not flourish in the shadow; so M. Réal draws them out into the light, tends and trims and waters them till they bloom and sprout like Aaron's rod in all directions; and finally their branches and ramifying story fill 254 pages of pleasant and ingenious discussion. These pages recount among other things the fates and fortunes of the legendary sticks such as those of Adam and Moses. One would hardly imagine there had been controversies over the stick, but such has been the case, and unhappily among the very theologians of Leyden and Amsterdam. The stick has had divinity attributed to it, as the wand of Mercury, the staff of Æsculapius, the spear of olden times, the sticks of gods and heroes. It was not long before monarchical tendencies developed, and the stick turned into a sceptre, as we see from the sceptres of Israel, of Tarquin, of Brutus, of the venerable Romans who sat staff in hand and got their beards pulled by the irreverent Brennus. Then matters took a peaceful turn and sticks changed into the shepherd's crook, the pastoral staff, the crozier, assuming sovereignty over souls after exercising it over bodies. Abbots, bishops, cardinals, popes wielded this emblem of spirituality: pontiffs have fought and kings bled for it. In feudalism a still mightier sovereignty fell to King Stick: it ruled supreme in the heraldic field, at jousts and tournaments, was engraved on armorial bearings, and became the emblem of the grand valets of the court—'gold stick' and 'silver stick.' The marshals of France developed it into a truncheon; pilgrims and palmers carried it along with cross and knapsack; St. Peter's stick and the stick of St. Nicholas canonized the most archaic of weapons. The superstitions that gathered round it were innumerable: divining-rods, devil's sticks, travellers' staffs all had formulas for their consecration, and Mesmer brought the use of the necromantic *bâton* into wondering vogue along with his tubs and magnetic circles. In ancient Rome and forest Germany the augural stick was a symbol of awful import; the supernatural stick of Mahomet, of giants, dwarfs, and good Haroun al Raschid; the prolific stick of Juno at Athens, the stick of Indian chiefs and

Mumbo Jumbo 'all remind us' of prehistoric times and races and bid us treat the stick—even the ferule and rattan—respectfully. Gods travelled with the stick, as Janus and Ceres; the words of Tarso and Socrates throw a hallowing awe over it; while the customs of lictors and fetial priests, the sceptre-ferule that instilled Iliad and Odyssey into the ancient boy, the bastinado and the bare foot in Islam and China, the knot and battock in Russia, teach us what nations think of this primitive implement, how Greeks and Romans worshipped it, how abbots and kings were penitentially flogged with it, and how the great organization of Flagellants took its rise. Both ends of the stick eventually became dignified, the one as cudgel, the other as cat-o'-nine-tails. Harlequin wields it no less than Titania; the orchestral *bâton* sometimes gleams with diamonds; the modern cane has become frightfully indispensable; even electric canes are beginning to spurt fire in our faces.

Such is the outline of the stick in history, politics, and religion. M. Réal brims over with this lore; but though he is French, his French, like that of the Prioress, is 'French of Stratford atte Bowe'; it has been 'adapted' if not 'adopted', and its orthography and accentuation are scandalous to behold (see pp. 243-5-6, etc.).

"Men and Events of Forty Years"*

WE HAVE HERE the autobiography of a typical American in the activities of our busy age. It is also a picture of the national energies during forty of the years most charged with the forces that have influenced the nation's present and are still moulding its future. Josiah Busnell Grinnell was a country boy who first saw the light at New Haven in Vermont, on Forefather's Day (Dec. 22) 1821. His father was addressing a crowd of grown-up Pilgrims in the church when the young pilgrim arrived. Like so many other New Englanders who claim descent from the Mayflower's company, but whose names are unmistakably Huguenot, Dutch or Irish, Mr. Grinnell was of French descent, the original Huguenot name being Grinnelle. With a strong combination of the poetic and the practical temperaments, young Grinnell 'caught the ideal in every situation.' Like his Master, he could always see even in the despised publican the 'son of Abraham.' There was always a 'forasmuch' of charity in his personal judgments. At one period of his life he was in the employ of the American Tract Society, and as a herald of light and truth to the early villages of Iowa and Wisconsin he could see more people and say more in a day, than any other man known to his eulogist, Dr. Magoun. He founded several towns, and was founder and president of a university, as well as of two banks and several minor institutions. A State Senator, Congressman, and the holder of many offices both salaried and honorary, besides being multifariously active in many departments of commercial, religious and charitable enterprise, his life was indeed a fruitful one. With wit and force, with sunny judgment and hearty appreciation, Mr. Grinnell has pictured in words hundreds of the prominent men and women of his day. The fine literary expression and pleasant style of his paragraphs show what a successful author he would have become, had he made the pen his chief instrument. The pages of this book are packed with noble sentiments and suggestive advice. Whether it be John Brown, Beecher, Oakes Ames, Joseph Cook or Robert Ingersoll who sits for his picture, the few strokes are as eloquent as those of a Japanese artist. For its sound commonsense, noble sentiments, uniform excellence of style and practical suggestion, this autobiography may be recommended to every young man who would rise in the world, and be remembered when he comes to leave it. A portrait of the author's strong face and a good index open and close the book.

* The Story of the Stick. Translated and adapted from the French of A. Réal. New edition with introductory letter. By Wm. H. Hurlbert. J. W. Bouton.

* Men and Events of Forty Years. By the late Josiah Busnell Grinnell. \$2.50 D. Lothrop Co.

Sundry Sketches of Travel

'THREE NORMANDY INNS,' by Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd, groups a number of pleasant sketches of travel, scenery, and life round the three inns that give title to the book—at Villerville, Dives, and Mont St. Michel. The plan is novel, and is well carried out—an agreeable variation from the ordinary type of tourist journal. The illustrations, mostly reproductions of photographs, are excellent. Those of peasant life are particularly interesting, and the architectural sketches of the exterior and interior of the inns are hardly less attractive. Altogether the book, like Mrs. Dodd's 'Cathedral Days,' published some years ago, is quite above the average of its class. (\$2. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

'A Too Short Vacation,' by Lucy Langdon Williams and Emma V. McLoughlin, is chiefly interesting for the forty-eight illustrations 'from their own kodak,' and for the minute information in the appendix concerning the business details of the trip—hotels, expenses, etc. The ladies spent three months abroad, in Ireland, England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and France, at a gross outlay of \$350 each. They travelled constantly, visiting over fifty different places, and put up always at hotels, never at pensions. 'Both for lunch and dinner,' they say, 'we had a bottle of good wine, sometimes Johannisberger, sometimes champagne, though oftener a good Bordeaux or Rhine wine.' The story of their travels is otherwise not remarkable, though commendably frank and straightforward. Some of the kodak reproductions are good, but others are far from satisfactory. (\$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'The Jew at Home,' by Joseph Pennell, illustrated by himself, is mainly a reprint of sketches written for *The Illustrated London News*. It gives the impressions of a summer and autumn in the portions of southeastern Europe where Jews most do congregate. The picture is a repulsive one. 'The Austro-Hungarian Jew produces nothing, he lives on nothing, and apparently he wants nothing. His home is cheerless, his costume is disreputable, and he stands around doing nothing with his hands in a country where everyone else of his class is at work, takes a pride in his home, and dresses like a picture.' Nobody who knows him has a good word for him. There is no community that would not be glad to be rid of him. The Austro-Hungarian or Russian Jew is 'the most contemptible specimen of humanity in Europe.' Even the better class of his own religion despise him. Mr. Pennell seems to be honest in his delineation and description of this type of Jew, and his little book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

'Sketches in Sunshine and Storm' is a collection of miscellaneous essays and notes of travel, mostly in Algiers, Italy, and Palestine, by Rev. W. J. Knox Little, author of many religious books that have been very popular in England. The descriptions of scenery and life are graphic, and the historical, literary, and artistic suggestions of the journey are well presented. The author is a man of scholarly habits and cultivated tastes, and the clergyman does not obtrude himself overmuch or at all offensively. (\$1.75. Longmans, Green & Co.)

'To Nuremberg and Back,' by 'Amy Neally,' describes 'a girl's holiday,' and is meant to be a girl's book, though the author shows no special tact for writing of this kind. Her descriptions of foreign scenes and experiences are not likely to interest young readers, unless with the help of their elders; but the pictures, which are admirable copies of photographs, are sure to please them. Indeed, the typographical execution is elegant in all respects. At Strasburg our travellers got the impression, as so many travellers do, that the famous clock is the same that was built three hundred years ago. It was constructed by a local clock-maker in 1838-42, replacing one made in 1571, which itself replaced an older one mentioned as early as the thirteenth century. The present clock is more complicated and more remarkable for its mechanism than its predecessor, though not equal to a modern clock in the cathedral at Beauvais in France. There are, however, few of these inaccuracies of statement in the book, which really gives much interesting information about the places visited, though, as we have intimated, not always precisely adapted to the juvenile reader. (\$2. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

'A Girl's Winter in India,' by Mary Thorn Carpenter, is a bright narrative of travel in a sunny land. The girl is an American, and therefore sees and tells about what people in our latitude and westward of the Atlantic Ocean wish to know. The outward trip, beginning at Naples, is told in sprightly form, for the eyes that see are young and keen, and the fun sparkles on every page. Moreover, humanity is various and picturesque, and it is not everyone who knows what either a clam is or scalloped oysters are. Ceylon, Bombay, Allahabad, Calcutta, Benares and Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Zeyapore and Amber are visited. As keen and clear-cut as shadows of the minaret and the Taj cast on the sun-whitened ground are this American lady's sketches on the printed page. Good stories

and anecdotes mingle pleasantly, like raisins in the rice, or plums in the pudding, and no words are wasted by one whose rich enjoyment of the journey is contagious to the reader. The full-page illustrations, in half-tone, are clear and informing. They are also unhackneyed and finely executed. (\$1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

Educational Literature

THE REPUTATION and value of Spencer Walpole's 'History of England from 1815' have been established since the publication of the first edition. There is probably no better, more judicious and well considered description of the course of events in England after the Napoleonic struggle. One of the chief merits of this writer is his calm impartiality, which leads him to discuss the changes in party policy and in parties with great candor. After a careful reading of these volumes a very fair and considerable knowledge should remain with the conscientious reader of the Reform Bill of 1832, of the excitement incident to its introduction and passage, of the movement called the Chartist, and of the repeal of the Corn Laws. These are only selected as worthy of mention because they are in some respects of supreme importance, but the author does not make them the only topics which are treated with fulness and distinctness. The social condition of England directly after the battle of Waterloo is described with a vivid sense of its bearing, in the next few years, upon measures of reform. The first volume contains a brief but excellent account of the finances and the increase of the national debt. Indeed, few histories unite so well a consideration of the political situation and of political exigencies with descriptions of social and financial and religious questions. Moreover the style is pleasant, and the reader is borne along through the varied themes of the narrative with ever increasing desire to learn still more of the history of the first half of our century in England. This work has been so fully reviewed in its earlier editions that it only remains to say that some changes and a few corrections appear in the new one. It is now published in six volumes, somewhat smaller than the original three, and easier to consult and handle, and is uniform in size and binding with the late life of Sir John Russell by the same author. (6 vols. \$12. Longmans, Green & Co.)—'METHODS OF INSTRUCTION and Organization in the German Schools' is the inspiring title of a small volume by Dr. John T. Prince. Notwithstanding the disparity between the length of the title and the length of the book, no more useful compilation of knowledge of foreign school methods has been printed for a long time. The chief end of the volume is to depict the methods of organization, and in this respect we have much to learn from our German cousins. The German methods of teaching are not so freely discussed. Teachers in normal schools will find this volume of use. (\$1.15. Lee & Shepard.)

SOME NOTEWORTHY PUBLICATIONS of the Bureau of Ethnology have lately appeared. Vol. VI. of 'Contributions to North American Ethnology,' by James Owen Dorsey, a quarto of over 800 pages (dated in 1890, but only recently distributed), bears the title of 'The Dhegina Language'—a title which, until its origin is explained, may be somewhat misleading to an enquirer, who will naturally suppose it to be an account of an Indian tongue. The 'Dhegina Language' is in fact the special Siouxian dialect which is spoken by the Omaha and Ponka tribes. Mr. Dorsey, who was formerly a successful missionary among the Siouxian tribes, had made a large collection of texts, in the form of native stories and of letters written by educated Indians, along with words and phrases for a grammar and dictionary of this language, with the intention that the whole should be published together. It has now been determined that the 'texts' shall be published first, in a volume by themselves, and that the dictionary and grammar shall be deferred for a few years. For this change of plan there has doubtless been good reason, though none is now assigned. To the student of linguistics it will be disappointing, as being anything but a convenient arrangement. These texts, however, consisting of 'myths, stories and letters,' with literal and free translations and notes, will afford interesting material for students of mythology, ethnology and folk-lore. A later publication by the same author, a brochure of 120 pages, entitled 'Omaha and Ponka Letters,' offers some further characteristic specimens of native correspondence, and may be regarded as an appendix to the volume of texts.—A PUBLICATION generally interesting to archaeologists will be that of the indefatigable investigator, Prof. Cyrus Thomas, entitled 'Catalogue of Prehistoric Works East of the Rocky Mountains.' It comprises a list of all the ancient works in the United States and Canada, supposed to be of aboriginal origin, in the States, Provinces and Territories east of the great dividing chain—including mounds, enclosures,

village sites, effigies, cemeteries, mines, pictographs, and the like. The compiler has had the assistance of several well-known local archaeologists, including Messrs. S. D. Peet, W. M. Beauchamp, H. L. Reynolds, J. D. Middleton, James Mooney and Gerard Fowke. There are separate maps of several States, showing the works in each, and a general map of the whole region, which furnishes some very striking evidence as to the distribution of the native population in ancient times, and affords something like a visible foundation for our aboriginal pre-Columbian history. The author speaks modestly of his work as 'only preliminary,' but it cannot fail to prove of great value as a suggestive guide for future inquiries. (Washington : Bureau of Ethnology.)

'LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION,' by Joseph Payne, late Professor of the Science and Art of Education in the College of Preceptors, London, is a posthumous work edited by the author's son. It opens with a brief notice of education in the ancient world and during the middle ages, and then, taking up the subject of modern education at the time of the Reformation, traces its progress and vicissitudes down almost to the present day. The method pursued is largely biographical, each of the leading educators being treated in turn, and his contributions to educational theory and practice duly set forth. The various chapters of the work were originally presented as lectures to the author's college classes, and were then accompanied with illustrations and oral explanations that do not appear in the printed volume; hence the work, as now published, has a fragmentary character, and is wanting in literary finish. It conveys, nevertheless, a good deal of information, especially about those educators with whom Mr. Payne was most in sympathy, such as Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Jacotot and others; and it contains a number of quaint engravings from old portraits. The most serious defect of the book arises from the notion, entertained by the author in common with some other teachers and theorists of the present day, that there was never any true education in the world until about a century ago, that everything in education depends upon method, and that Pestalozzi, Fröbel and their followers were the first to discover the right methods, so that our educational systems must be completely revolutionized before young people can be properly educated. And yet even Mr. Payne is obliged to admit that the ancient Athenian education, simple as it was, produced results that have never been equalled elsewhere; and that fact ought to have taught him that the highest culture is independent of his new-fangled methods. When our educational methodists can turn out pupils more highly cultivated than Pericles and Plato, they will have some reason to boast; but until then it would become them to be more modest and to have more respect for the wisdom of the past. (\$2.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE TITLE OF 'Longman's School Geography for North America' is unfortunate, as being likely to mislead. To most persons, at a casual reading, it will convey the notion of a geography limited to North America. It is, in fact, an American edition of an English geography of the globe, revised and partly rewritten for the use of North American schools—the western continent being the first region described, after the general introduction. Anything which might interfere with the acceptance of this very commendable book is to be regretted. Its special points of excellence are explained in the preface to the English edition as being mainly due to the fact that it has been framed on the methods of German text-books. German geographers, as might be expected of the countrymen of Humboldt, Ritter and Petermann, lead all other authors in their branch of science. One special merit of their text-books is that they do not attempt to teach too much. 'Knowing,' as we are told in the preface, 'that a limited period must be turned to account for the thorough teaching of a great variety of subjects, they have learned that it is impossible for school-teaching to be both thorough and full of minute detail. They have learned, accordingly, one of the most important of all lessons in educational method—to distinguish between what is indispensable as a groundwork and what it is better to neglect if the pupils are to be really educated, instead of having their minds overloaded, distracted, embarrassed and perplexed.' This judicious method has been well exemplified in the present work. The main points of geographical knowledge, both physical and political, are clearly brought out, and sufficient details are added to instruct without overburdening the pupil's mind. The author is Mr. George G. Chisholm, 'Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Statistical Societies.' The American reviser is Dr. C. H. Leete, 'Fellow of the American Geographical Society.' Both have done their work very well. The portion relating to the United States occupies about a fifth part of the volume, and is particularly well done, the information being brought down to the latest date, and arranged

with much clearness. In other parts of the volume the same attention to recent revision has not always been shown. Thus the final table in the book, giving the area and population of the various countries, has the date of 1870. In this table the population of the United States figures at only 39,000,000, while that of France is made nearly equal—at 36,000,000—the present ratio being nearly as two to one. Such carelessness as the retention of this unrevised table is, however, exceptional. The work is illustrated with many fairly good engravings. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

Minor Notices

'TENNYSON'S LIFE and Poetry, and mistakes Concerning Tennyson,' by Mr. Eugene Parsons, is a pamphlet giving in a condensed form information that would ordinarily be expanded into a volume; and extraordinary care has evidently been taken to have the information accurate. We notice only one or two trifling mistakes, into which the author has been led by authorities that naturally seemed to him perfectly trustworthy. The poet was *not* living at Aldworth in the summer of 1867, though a letter of Lord Houghton's, dated in Reid's 'Life' of him 'July 30, 1867,' refers to a visit made there at that time. We have the best possible authority for stating that the mansion at Aldworth was not built until 1869. Again, the 'Poems by Two Brothers' could not have been published in 1826, for the *Preface*, which could not be post-dated, bears the date of 'March, 1827.' Tennyson told Dr. van Dyke that it was published in 1826, but he was probably thinking of the time when it was put into the printer's hands. 'Nero to Leander' on p. 18 is an obvious misprint. The critical comments might well have been omitted, for they do the author no credit. Early poems, like 'The Lady of Shalott,' 'Lady Clare,' 'The Lord of Burleigh,' 'The Beggar Maid,' and others, most of which are in the simplest ballad style, are said to be 'made up of ornate commonplaces' and 'the ephemeral conceits of drawing-room poetry'! 'With a few exceptions, the minor poems published in 1855 and 1864 are of similar character; and it may be said that "The Princess," "Maud," "Enoch Arden," and most of the Arthurian stories are in much the same vein'! All these 'can be described as a chaos of pretty fancies and idle reveries'! The later 'Locksley Hall' was a 'hysterical explosion'! 'Queen Mary,' 'Becket,' 'Rizpah,' 'The Revenge,' 'Tiresias,' 'Demeter,' and a few other pieces are recommended; but the praise is hardly more judicious than the preceding blame. (15 cts. E. Parsons, 3612 Stanton Avenue, Chicago.)

'A LITERARY GUIDE for Home and School,' by Mary Alice Callier, teacher of English in an Alabama female college, contains much sensible advice to girls—and their teachers also—on the selection of reading-matter and how to use it for intellectual, aesthetic, and moral culture. Courses of reading in literature and in English and American history are laid out, with practical suggestions on the purchase of books and other related topics. One chapter deals with 'choice books for boys,' for whom some of the other chapters are as helpful as for their sisters. The book may be frankly commended to those for whom it has been prepared. (\$1.25. Charles E. Merrill & Co.)—WE ARE PLEASED to see a new reprint of Smollett's translation of the immortal 'Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane.' Part I. is put into one compact volume of four hundred pages, with clear type, good paper, and tasteful binding. Part II. is to follow in the same neat form. (Worthington Co.)—THE SIXTH and last volume of the excellent library edition of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' edited by Mr. Charles Crump, is out; and we can only repeat in a word the praise we have already given the earlier volumes. The bibliographical and explanatory notes are exhaustive in their way. The text is almost faultlessly accurate, misprints being few and far between. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

'SELECTIONS FROM *The Spectator*,' edited by Mr. A. Mesehole, gives in a well-printed volume of 410 pages the best essays of Addison and Steele from that classic periodical—indeed, pretty much all that is likely to be either interesting or instructive to the average reader of this generation. The matter eliminated is for the most part local, obsolete, or too diffuse on subjects which, though not exactly obsolete, are of comparatively little importance nowadays. The omission of everything objectionable in language makes the book a useful one for educational purposes. (\$1.25. E. P. Dutton & Co.)—A NEW VOLUME in the Adventure Series, and one that will be equally fascinating to young and old, is 'The Escapes of Casanova and Latude from Prison,' edited by Mr. P. Villars. The Latude memoirs are complete and from the accurate version of Colcraft (Dublin, 1834). The account of Casanova's escape is translated into English for the first time from

his autobiography. Nothing more thrilling of the kind is to be found in all the literature of adventure. Portraits of the heroes are given with sundry other good illustrations, and the book is outwardly very attractive. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)—'PRIDE AND PREJUDICE' is the second issue in the singularly tasteful edition of Jane Austen's novels which we have already noticed at some length. The etched vignettes are a pleasing feature which we neglected to mention. The books are faultless in every particular, and cheap withal. (2 vols. \$2.50. Roberts Bros.)

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S cleverness has never been shown to better advantage than it is in his recently published volume entitled 'The Book Bills of Narcissus'—a series of essays having a somewhat bookish flavor, with no particular point or purpose, yet all more or less witty and entertaining. The author is not lacking in humor: there is nothing in this little book about the book-bills of Narcissus. But we are accustomed to misleading titles in these days when everybody's experiments in rhyme are labeled 'Poems,' and the contents of Mr. Le Gallienne's pretty book are engaging enough to make us forget what he calls it. It must be an amusing pastime for a maker of books to sit down and write about anything, everything and nothing, and then to print it as something, in two editions—limited and unlimited—one, we believe, on Japanese paper. We read the cheap edition, which sells at the dear figure of \$2. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—'THE WORLD'S Columbian Exposition' is a small, flat book, showing the principal buildings now in course of erection at Jackson Park, Chicago. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

'ENGLISH SOCIAL REFORMERS,' by H. de B. Gibbons, is an account of the lives and work of certain men who have bussed themselves by word or deed in the work of social improvement and reform. It opens with an account of William Langland and others of feudal times, with a notice of the peasants' revolt of the fourteenth century; and then goes on to treat successively of Sir Thomas More, Wesley and Wilberforce, Shaftesbury and other 'factory reformers,' Kingsley, Carlyle and Ruskin. The author's selection of typical social reformers is not in all cases to be commended, and he has given too little attention, it seems to us, to thinkers and practical statesmen, and too much to dreamy enthusiasts. Such men as Adam Smith, Bentham and John Stuart Mill are passed by without notice; yet their work was much more valuable for social reform than More's Utopia or the sentimentalism of Ruskin and Carlyle. In one respect we heartily agree with Mr. Gibbons, and that is in the importance he attaches to personal and moral culture as distinguished from changes in social arrangements. The need of such moral reform is altogether too much neglected by most of our would-be social reformers, and we are therefore glad to see it emphasized in this book. We may add that Mr. Gibbons's style is pleasing, and the book, notwithstanding its defects, will be found interesting. (London: Methuen & Co.)

'HALF-HOURS WITH THE MILLIONAIRES' is a whimsically conceived and humorously written satire by B. B. West, on the wrong-headedness of the pseudo-philanthropists, and the desperate and futile efforts that millionaires sometimes make to spend their money with happiness to themselves or profit to anyone else. The author starts out to search for millionaires, and, having found them, to learn how they spend their time and employ their wealth. One and all present to him the picture of men doing the stupidest and silliest things. There is the House-back Reformer, who, with the help of his architect, lavishes his money and thought on beautifying the backs of houses, against the will of the occupants, and in spite of the fact that no one ever sees them. There is the man who represents the Put-London-on-its-feet Syndicate, which says widows and orphans be hanged, and whose motto is 'Pity the sorrows of the whole community'—a syndicate that goes about doing such acts of benevolence as suppressing steam-whistles and sweeping the snow away in front of the British Museum and National Gallery. There is the shabby little old millionaire who represents the Odds-and-Ends Brigade, that undertakes all the neglected public business, relieves the street-crossing sweepers after hours and in specially muddy weather,—furnishes London policemen with boots that don't creak, as an aid to the detection of burglaries,—puts a press-the-button caballometer in every cab that issues a printed ticket for your fare, and chains the driver on his seat and muzzles him while you pay it,—and arranges for a floral parade of orchids up and down Paddington on the dull days from November to April. There is the Charity-wrecker who drives the Middle-aged Shrews' Refuge into insolvency, empties out into the street the whole board of Deceased Paupers' Next-of-Kin Expectancy Aid Corporation and ruins the Toothless Cats' Soup Kitchen. Some of the author's ideas are so worthy of serious consideration

that we cannot make up our mind whether he started his book in dead earnest and it turned comic on his hands, or *vice versa*. At any rate, it is a rather ingenious piece of work. (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

Magazine Notes

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY lays down the law about biographical writing, and criticises 'Some Great Biographies' in *Macmillan's* for June. Greatest of all is Lockhart's 'Scott,' he thinks, and next to that he seems inclined to put Moore's 'Byron.' Boswell's 'Johnson' is perfection, so far as its subject is concerned; but while there is a certain fitness and proportion in the first two cases, Bozzy was to Johnson but as the monkey to the bear. Carlyle, on the other hand, was too big for his task when he wrote his life of Sterling. 'The Legend of Lapwater Hall,' by Arthur Morrison, is an entertaining short story; Mr. Henry James's 'Lord Beauprey' is concluded; and Mrs. Sandford gives a readable account of 'French Girls' Schools' of the commoner sort. 'What would you do without the *préau*?' asked Mrs. Sandford of one of the teachers in the Paris communal schools; and the answer was, 'Why, we couldn't do without it.' The *préau* is something between a playground and a schoolroom, and may be said to answer to Mr. Lang's department in *Longman's*, as to which the same question might be asked of the editor—or the reader—and would assuredly receive the same answer. Mr. Lang combines amusement with instruction, this month, in dealing with the Loti-Zola affair, 'The Humour of Homer' and 'Young Scamels from the Rocks.' He thinks the latter were metamorphosed from 'sea-mews' by an imaginative Elizabethan printer. 'Reminiscences of St. Petersburg Society' go a long way back—to 1844. 'Notes on the Climate of the British Isles' is a sort of sunshine guide to the British watering-places. 'His Grace' gets into politics and into difficulties; and there is a good short story, 'A Question of Penmanship.'

There is always one corner of *The New Review* to which we can turn with the certainty of being amused. It is that in which Mr. Andrew Lang holds forth upon literature and related themes. We should not always care to read the books that he commands, however. We are very sure, for instance, we should find nothing so good in 'Nada the Lily' as his praises of it. Mr. Walter Pater's 'Emerald Uthwart' is a study in disjointed sentences—almost as good in that way as Amyot's 'Plutarch.' Prof. Waldstein tells the enterprising excavator 'How to Excavate in Greece.' He must first read Pausanias and Col. Leake, and select a site; then, by personal inspection, find out whether there is any earth on the site to excavate (for it may be primitive rock); and—the rest is easy. 'The Kanaka in Queensland,' 'The Colonial Policy of France' and 'Racing and its Fascinations' are more or less instructive articles. The reflection of the American who reads Sir Richard Temple's and Sir Charles Dilke's forecasts of the general election will be that such things are much better managed here, and yet do not always turn out correct.

An unsigned article on 'Whitman' in the June *Atlantic* is noteworthy as giving a rather low estimate of his poetry, though evidently coming from one who has read and, in some degree, appreciated it. Whitman's style of verse, which the writer assumes to be copied from Ossian (he would have guessed better had he said the Bible), is admitted to be proper for the broad effects which he aimed at. Yet he is accused of formlessness because the 'scythe which can mow with a symmetrical sweep a whole field of grain is a blundering instrument with which to cut the flower of the field.' Yet the writer has been able to collect his modest posy of flowers of thought perfectly expressed, as others have before him; and surely what was called for in Whitman's case was the sweep of the scythe, not the snip of the garden scissors. As to the ethical character of Whitman's work, the *Atlantic* writer would do well to read Mr. Burroughs's lately published articles. The Emerson-Thoreau correspondence is continued. As in the first instalment, the most interesting letters are from Thoreau. He describes the scene of the wreck in which Margaret Fuller Ossoli was lost; and also some curious experiences in a sort of educational community in New Jersey. He pities Emerson on his way to Europe, because of the monotony of his promenades on deck, 'where the few trees, you know, are stripped of their bark.' Then there is a pathetic tale of Emerson's gardener, Hugh, who left his land just plowed and his house new-built, in consequence of a prolonged dispute with strong beer and his wife. The story of Farmer Coombs is a still darker one: he was found dead in the woods, with his jug half-emptied. Prof. Fenellosa presents himself as a vigorous and alert champion of young Japan in an article on 'Chinese and Japanese Traits.' He speaks of the materialistic shams of Western civilizations with a certain bitterness, due, we

suppose, to contact with those representatives of said shams in Japan, who look upon the Japanese as a sort of 'nigger,' and who would like to 'develop the country's resources' in their own way and for their own profit. The solid and timely article of the number is on 'The Education of the Negro,' by Dr. W. T. Harris, with notes and comments by various representative Southerners.

The July *Popular Science Monthly* is copiously illustrated, one article containing seventeen portraits of American anthropologists, and another, on 'Leather-making,' having about as many pictures; while there are illustrated articles on New England 'Owls' and certain 'Rare Monkeys,' besides a frontispiece portrait of Galvani. The 'Leather-making' is the fifteenth in the series on the Development of American Industries since Columbus. The author is Mr. George A. Rich of the Boston *Journal*. A stimulating paper on educational problems is contributed by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett. It is entitled 'Kindergartens—Manual Training—Industrial Schools,' and embodies some principles of training children that have not yet been duly appreciated. The seventeen portraits of American anthropologists accompany Prof. Frederick Starr's paper on 'Anthropological Work in America,' which opens the *Monthly*. The article shows that the work of Americans in this field compares favorably with that of Europeans, described by Prof. Starr in an earlier number.—In *The Political Science Quarterly* for June Prof. John Bassett Moore continues his study of 'Asylum in Consulates and in Vessels'; John Hawks Noble presents a concise summary of 'The Immigration Question'; Robt. Brown, Jr., gives the salient points in the history of 'Tithes in England and Wales'; Prof. Ugo Rabbeno, of Bologna, Italy, expounds and criticizes 'The Landed System of Social Economy,' as contained in the works of Achille Loris; Ernest W. Clement discusses 'Local Self-Government in Japan'; and Prof. A. B. Hart, of Harvard, writing on 'The Exercise of the Suffrage,' argues against the project of compulsory voting. The book-reviews include over twenty publications, and Prof. Dunning brings his Record of Political Events down to May 1.

Martin Rico, the painter of noonday sunshine in Spanish streets and gardens, is the subject of an appreciative article by A. F. Jacacci, with illustrations by Rico, in *The Cosmopolitan* for July. 'Jersey Villas,' in the same number, is not an architectural article, but one of Mr. Henry James's inimitable short stories. 'One of England's Great Modern Schools,' Eton, is the subject of an illustrated article by Douglas Sladen. 'The State and the Forest,' by J. B. Harrison, is illustrated with views showing the march of the sands on the forest at Provincetown, at the extreme end of Cape Cod. A short poem, 'Love and Thought,' by the late James Russell Lowell, is beautifully illustrated by H. Siddons Mowbray; and there are other poems by John Vance Cheney and Graham R. Tomson. Mr. Brander Matthews writes of 'The Literary Independence of the United States,' and Mr. T. S. Perry of 'The Latest Literary Fashion in France'—that of the 'Symbolists.'

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Law in the 'Merchant of Venice.'—A friend in Cambridge sends me the following note:—

In the February *Atlantic* is an article on 'A Venetian Printer-Publisher.' The author, speaking of a law suit—in the sixteenth century, I think—says that the opinion of the counsel was so and so, but it does not appear what the judgment of the court was. This recalled to my mind the anomalous feature of the play; namely, that Portia, while actually appearing in Antonio's behalf, is, notwithstanding, in effect, the judge who decides the case. So far as *The Atlantic Monthly* case is concerned, the question naturally suggests itself, was not the relation of the counsel whose opinions have been preserved in that case similar to that of the supposed Roman Doctor in the Trial Scene? I wrestled with my memory as to where I had seen this thing discussed, and after hunting up Phelps's 'Plaintiff's Brief' in *The Atlantic* in 1886, I finally, through the aid of Furness, discovered that it was Mr. John T. Doyle's article in *The Overland Monthly* [July, 1886] that I was after. As soon as I read this I remembered the article, and the satisfaction that it gave me in affording a possible explanation for what had before that seemed to me utterly unintelligible.

Mr. Doyle's article, as Furness remarks ('New Variorum' of the 'Merchant,' p. 417), supplies information in regard to the legal procedure in the Trial Scene which he had searched for in vain elsewhere. It describes certain trials in a Nicaragua court in 1851–52, the course of which was in the main exactly like the proceedings in the Shylock case. A case in a Mexican court illustrated other points in the Venetian trial. The reader who is interested in the discussion concerning the law in the 'Merchant' will thank my Cambridge friend for calling attention to this curious modern parallel, of which it would take too much space to

give further account here. There is an interesting paper on the law of the Shylock case in *The American Law Register and Review* for April, 1892.

A Query Concerning Editions of Shakespeare.—A subscriber in Pennsylvania writes:—

I want an edition of Shakespeare for my own reading, unexpurgated, convenient-sized volumes, good type, well illustrated with woodcuts, but not too many, good practical notes, substantially bound, but not too expensive. What do you advise?

On the whole, I should say that the 'Henry Irving' edition, in eight octavo volumes, retailing at three dollars each, comes nearest to what the inquirer wants. There is no cheaper edition that is tolerably well illustrated, or that furnishes so much good explanatory and critical matter for the price. The volumes are rather large, but not clumsy. There is no edition in smaller volumes that is at once unexpurgated and illustrated. The Scribners are the American agents for this edition.

The Potato in Shakespeare.—The 'potato' is mentioned twice by Shakespeare—in the 'Merry Wives,' v. 5. 21, and 'Troilus and Cressida,' v. 2. 56—aphrodisiac properties being ascribed to it in both passages. Mr. H. A. Evans, in the London *Academy* (May 21, 1892), calls attention to the fact that it is the sweet potato, and not the common or white potato, which is meant. The commentators and editors have generally assumed that the dramatist refers to the latter, or the *Solanum tuberosum*, as Schmidt defines it in his 'Lexicon.'

'The Century Dictionary' is accurate on this point, concerning which the other dictionaries are wrong or indefinite. It gives, as the first (obsolete) meaning of *potato*, 'the sweet potato,' adding that this 'was the original application of the name,' and that 'it is in this sense that the word is generally to be understood when used by English writers down to the middle of the seventeenth century.' 'The International Dictionary' merely says, under 'sweet potato,' that 'the name *potato* was applied to this plant before it was to the *Solanum tuberosum*'

Shakespeare's Tombstone.—Mr. Edward Fox writes to the *Birmingham Gazette* as follows:—

The query 'Has a new slab at some time or other been placed over Shakespeare's grave?' is without doubt a very important one, possessing interest not only to every Englishman, but to every civilized being all the world over. Even great men are mistaken and liable to be led away by their own fancy or preconceived notions. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe that was the case with Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, because there is not an atom of proof in support of his contention that the slab which now covers the poet's tomb is not the original one placed there in 1616. In the first edition of 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare' published not many years ago, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps stated that the present stone was put down 'about forty years ago.' At that time I ventured to point out to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps that he was quite mistaken, as Mr. Thomas Kite, who was clerk of the church forty years ago, was still living, and he was prepared to swear that no new slab had been put over Shakespeare's grave in his time. Further, Mr. Kite informed me that his father and also his grandfather were clerks of the church respectively, the family's connection with the church dating back about a hundred years, and that never had there been the slightest doubt expressed as to the present stone being the original one. In his reply Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps admitted that 'at present he had no evidence in support of his statement' beyond the fact that about the time named 10,000*s*, was spent in restoring the church, some of the money being expended upon the chancel. Now it happens that Mr. Kite distinctly remembers the restoration referred to, and he states that during the time the work was in progress the gravestones in the chancel were covered with boards, and a trapdoor fixed immediately over Shakespeare's tombstone, so that visitors might raise it to look at the grave. The tomb was never interfered with. One thing was certainly done about the time named by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. The inscription containing the well-known lines cut upon the stone, had become a good deal worn, and a mason was employed carefully to deepen it. This was done with a small chisel, and will account for the inscription being at the present time in comparatively good condition. Had Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps lived a short time longer it is possible that he would have abandoned his strange notion.

I have no doubt that Mr. Fox is right. The statement in Halliwell-Phillipps's 'Outlines' surprised me, and at the time I satisfied myself—I cannot now recall the grounds on which I came to the conclusion—that it was almost certainly incorrect. That the inscription was recut, carefully following the old lines, I had heard or read before the 'Outlines' was published. If the old slab had been replaced by a new one any time within fifty years, it is highly improbable that so interesting a relic would not have been preserved.

Day and Night

THE day is a fair young hind,
Gracile, with life athrill;
She comes on feet of the wind
When the light leaps over the hill.
The night is a huge black hound
As foul as the hind is fair,
And he hunts her beauty to ground
Till the morning Sun cries *Ware!*

RICHARD BURTON.

"The Belgian Shakespeare"

THE LAST time I was in Ghent, the historic old city was enveloped in the fog that has settled upon it since the days when the world still spoke of Flanders. From under the cloak of mist there rose a vague malarial vapor that hung over the sleepy surrounding marshes and ill-scented canals; and through the softening veil the old town looked older still—more dead than our memory had pictured it. But to-day a new sun has burst forth out of the dismal city's characteristic dampness, and from the Paris observatory, whence it was first discovered, reflections of its glory have reached across the sea. Let us examine the new luminary and see whether, like other suns, it has not some spots, and whether its light is likely to endure.

Maurice Maeterlinck, 'the Belgian Shakespeare' (may posterity be lenient to the man who dared proclaim him the King's equal!), has given us altogether the substance of a single volume of ordinary size, divided as follows:—1. 'Serres Chaudes.' 2. 'L'Intruse. Les Aveugles.' 3. 'La Princesse Maleine.' 4. 'Les Sept Princesses.' Here are three one-act plays, one tragedy, and a very small volume of verses. This is scant ground on which to build a monument to rival Shakespeare's. To be sure, M. Mirbeau might quote against us Sainte-Beuve's delightful answer to the Academician who deemed Mérimée's literary baggage insufficiently bulky for a candidate for immortality. 'Sir,' he said smiling, as only Sainte-Beuve could smile, 'Sir, pardon the remark, but diamonds are never bulky!' Diamonds, then? Well—if you will! Brazilian—brown—yellow—even blue, but *not* of Avon water!

The little volume, 'Serres Chaudes,' was the first to appear. The author is still a young man, yet even this knowledge cannot alter the impression that the volume was written long ago, by a very aged youth of whom it would be charitable to quote:—

There was a time he wore no coat-tails behind
 Yet a boy he could never be rightly defined.

Apart from the light it sheds on the ulterior evolution of certain ideals and similes which we find merely indicated here, the little volume is painful reading. There is in it not a healthy line to remember, not a picture, not a harmony, not a rhythm, not a single clear note. We are vaguely conscious of a not well defined effort to connect certain colors with certain feelings. Of the whole palette the only color appropriately used is the blue, which is so liberally daubed over book and reader as to impress upon the latter an unpleasant conception of the intent of 'symbolism' in letters. And what more? After reading the last poem there comes to one's inner ears a faint, a very faint, echo of some song of Poe's, and one involuntarily repeats some line of 'Ullalume' or whispers, quoting from 'To Helen' as the covers close, 'with quietude and slumber'!

But the next work is of a very different order and calls for quite different criticism. 'L'Intruse' is a masterpiece. Without the aid of any stage adjuncts, without any *fincelles*, without the help of the slightest rhetoric or word-painting, the vague heart-sickness of the little family listening nervously outside the sick chamber is gradually transferred to the reader until he realizes that the presence of death has become a tangible horror. Read it aloud and note the involuntary change of voice. Close your eyes and listen, and you open them with an eagerness, with a joyful relief akin to that of realizing that the nightmare was merely a dream. The poet's creation is nevertheless stamped upon your brain. He has succeeded in hypnotizing you and suggesting the awful Presence. Words have never brought death so close nor made it seem so real, and a latent sense has been awakened within you by which you see and feel and know that thing your whole being was conscious of, and feared.

The story should not be told here. It should be read as it was written, word for word; for in the execution lies the art of the master, the secret of the spell it casts upon you. Not long ago the play was given in London by Mr. Tree but, according to the published accounts, so cut as to justify the remark that it was 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. I should like to hear it from the rear of a

deep box, as an eavesdropper outside the window, the actors unseen, and with no stage setting to guide or hamper the imagination. Even as I write the chill of that shadow of death comes over me and makes me shiver.

In 'Les Aveugles' the same note is struck, not so clearly, not in so masterly a manner, for the whole play is an anti-climax to the opening scene—an explanation of a vivid picture that is before you. If it is wrong—as, according to Mr. Spencer it is wrong—to give a distinct impression and subsequently modify it by an adjective, then the whole conception of this play is wrong; for the story is told at once by the picture on the stage, and subsequently retold in words, so that the text has a double task to perform: first, to destroy, or at least modify, the original conception of the audience; and secondly, to impress upon them the author's own interpretation of what they have before them. There are many masterly touches here and there, and the secondary treatment of the scene is both powerful and original. But the fundamental defect remains, and we cannot speak of it with the same enthusiasm as of 'L'Intruse.' Moreover, from a dramatic standpoint there is no *imprévu*. The play is played before it is begun.

'La Princesse Maleine' is Maeterlinck's *magnum opus*, and it is through her that his connection with Shakespeare has been established—chiefly, it seems fair to say, because of a certain grand simplicity and directness of treatment, the best manner of which is currently termed Shakespearian. It is a five-act drama, with some very fine and earnest scenes, bound together with weak and even silly ones. It is decidedly unusual, decidedly unconventional—a play of surroundings, situations, outside influences and dramatic suggestions, in which human nature plays a very small part. There is not a really fine or noble thought to take home from the theatre; not an inspiration, not a sympathy. Our lesser feelings are often strongly aroused, but we cannot help regretting the absence of either Christ or Adam. It is absolutely pictorial, both emotionally and intellectually; hence, it is impossible not to make certain comparisons between the work of Belgium's great modern painter, Antoine Wiertz, and that of Maeterlinck.

Of the 'Sept Princesses' there is little to say after reading the others. The same notes are struck again, less discreetly, with a far less powerful touch, and we cry out almost involuntarily, 'Cui bono?' Like M. Verestchagin, M. Maeterlinck may not understand our Anglo-Saxon insistence on being assured that 'There is a cause!' As we are, by nature, rather moralists than artists, he may wonder at our lack of reverence for the precept, 'Art for art's sake,' and perhaps even manifest some astonishment at learning that our admiration for his art is leavened with the yeast of criticism.

And now, as, according to our ethics, every tale must have a moral, what has M. Maeterlinck taught? Of men and women, of God and the workings of His universe—nothing. But he has given a lesson in literary hypnotism which it is opportune to remember. He has shown that intangible things may be made to assume an apparently definite, sensible entity, and that it is unnecessary to use any but the simplest methods wherewith to achieve this result. To borrow a simile from a kindred art, he paints with an elementary palette of primary colors, and puts them on unmixed, in firm, direct touches, relying more on the integrity of the drawing than on subtler modelling, or *chiaroscuro*. Another very curious fact is, that he seems to approach all his sensations from the standpoint of a blind man. Yet how keen is his insight into the necessities of the form of art he has chosen may be understood from a comparison between the masterly simplicity and dignity of his dialogue and the sensational, affected style of his descriptions and stage directions.

After reading him carefully, I think there would be few to begrudge him the name of master, in his special province, in spite of all his limitations.

JOHN HEARD, JR.

Boston Letter

IT IS VERY apparent to me that the chief rule for the political economy of literature may be set down in these words, 'Demand regulates Supply.' I have come to that conclusion after a little talk I had with Mr. William Maynadier Browne, the editor of the new Boston periodical *Two Tales*. A great many friends told him that he would never be able to obtain one hundred and four new first class short stories every year from notable authors, but he tells me that already his big drawer is overflowing with accepted manuscripts. As he has set the same standard held by the magazines, this is very significant. But now the question arises in my mind What would have become of all these stories had not this periodical been established? The authors still supply *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and all the other magazines with the short stories

they desire, yet here is this enormous lot of new tales, equal in merit to any published, which must either have remained uncreated or else have lain in bureau drawers, had not *Two Tales* come into existence. Mr. Browne said he had absolutely no trouble in getting these stories, though he did remark with a smile that he found some difficulty in keeping the supply of cheerful literature in excess of the sad. He is most anxious to have tales with pleasant, genial endings; but in nine cases out of ten the authors prefer to commit a murder or cause a railroad accident, or end a gentle life with sad affliction. Can any one explain why our short-story writers thus lean toward tragedy? In a coming number of *Two Tales*, by the way, a new story by Bret Harte is to be published. It is entitled 'The Reformation of Buckeye Camp.' With it will appear a story by Mr. Browne, entitled 'The Story of a Coward.'

The first steps by the Boston Public School Art League have been taken. The decoration of the Appleton Street Primary School-house and the English High School has been intrusted to them by the School Committee, and when these schools re-open in September interesting examples of the work of the League are expected to cover their walls.

The young ladies at Smith College, in Northampton, have made it a custom to present selected plays at the end of the college year, and this past week they gave, as the successor of the plays of the last three years ('Electra,' 'Job' and 'The Spanish Gypsy'), Browning's 'Colombe's Birthday.' So far as I know there have been but two professional performances of 'Colombe's Birthday' in this country. On the 16th of February, 1854, it was produced with 'London Assurance' at the Howard Athenæum on the occasion of the benefit to Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander. On another date it was given at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia with John Gilbert in the cast. A few years ago Mrs. Lander read portions of the play before the Browning Society in Boston. She was an admirable actress and has had an interesting career. It has always been disputed whether or no she was the original of 'The Infant Phenomenon,' whom Charles Dickens has immortalized. The late William P. Davidge, well-known as an actor with Palmer's Company, told a friend some time before his death that he was in the Company headed by Davenport, Mrs. Davenport and Miss Davenport, which played in the little villages of Southern England, and that the Davenports were the originals of the Crummels of 'Nicholas Nickleby.' But on the other hand Mr. Davenport years ago contradicted the story, then current also, stating that it was an utter impossibility, because Miss Davenport was only ten years of age when she made her first appearance, and Dickens's book was published before that. He thought the fiction had its origin at New York in 1838, when Miss Davenport was performing as a juvenile actress in the piece called 'The Manager's Daughter,' while at the same time a burlesque taken from Dickens's work was being played in that city. Mrs. Lander certainly became an actress of established fame, and her good work for the soldiers ought also never to be forgotten. Just before the war she married Gen. Frederick W. Lander, and while he served on the field she labored incessantly in the hospitals. Two years after their marriage he died upon the battle-field and after the war she returned to the stage for a time.

There is a halo of glory surrounding 'the oldest inhabitant' of a country village, but even a greater glory is awarded the oldest living graduate of a college, for he merits not only the veneration due to years, but almost invariably the esteem due to an honored position won through long service for the public good in literary, political or scientific fields after the college course has been finished. The oldest graduates of our New England colleges to-day are no exception to the rule, as the list which I have filled out by correspondence with the college authorities, shows me. Perhaps a synopsis of the article, which I am going to use elsewhere, may be interesting to readers of *The Critic*.

Since the Rev. Dr. Frederick A. Farley died, the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard College has been the Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, pastor and pastor emeritus of the First Congregational Unitarian Society in Philadelphia since 1825. Dr. Furness was graduated at Harvard in 1820, and is the last surviving member of his class as well as the oldest graduate of the Boston Latin School and of the Harvard Divinity School. He is the father of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespearian scholar. The oldest graduate of the Harvard Law School is William J. Hoppin of the class of 1835. Mr. Hoppin, who resides in Providence, his native city, was formerly Secretary of the United States Legation at London.

The oldest surviving college graduate in the United States is undoubtedly Col. Amos A. Parker, who received his diploma at the University of Vermont in 1813 and is now nearly one hundred and one years of age. It was Col. Parker who escorted Lafayette from Boston to Concord in 1824. He was then editor of the *New Hampshire Statesman* and an aide of Gov. Morrill.

Edward McCready of Charleston, S. C., is the oldest graduate of Yale. He is now ninety years of age. The oldest graduate of Bowdoin is the Rev. Dr. Thomas T. Stone, who was one of the early members of the Transcendental School, and is now an honored resident of Bolton, Mass. He was graduated in 1820, when the college was in its infancy. Dartmouth extends its honors of oldest graduate this year to Mark W. Fletcher, now a farmer of Wayne, Ill., but formerly a lawyer. He was born in Vermont in 1803, and graduated in 1825. Rev. Phineas Spalding, a New Hampshire physician of note, is the oldest graduate of the Dartmouth Medical School, and his diploma of 1823 antedates that of either of the oldest two graduates of the College.

The Rev. Dr. George W. Briggs, the genial pastor of the Austin Street Unitarian Church in Cambridgeport, is the oldest alumnus of Brown University, having received his degree in 1825. His son, Le Baron Russell Briggs, is now Dean of Harvard College, and another son was teacher there a few years ago. Dr. Briggs has been settled over two historic churches during his lifetime: the old parish at Plymouth, which had been founded in England and brought to America with the Pilgrim settlements, and the Church at Salem, which was the first church regularly organized in America. Dr. Briggs passed through a marvellous convalescence last year, lying as if dead for several weeks. He is now eighty-three years of age. In 1825 Jeremiah Porter, now a missionary in the West, and David Dudley Field, the eminent lawyer, were graduated at Williams College. As Mr. Porter is the elder by seven weeks, he must be regarded as the senior graduate. Samuel D. Partridge, formerly a merchant in New York, but now residing in Milwaukee, Wis., is the oldest graduate of Amherst College. He was born in Hatfield, Mass., eighty-five years ago and received his degree in 1827.

Harvard Class Day this year will be notable from the fact that the seniors discard the customary dress-coat and silk hat, and appear in cap and gown. Among the prominent people who have been invited by the class to attend are Gov. Russell, the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, W. D. Howells, the Rev. Leander Parks and the Hon. F. T. Greenhalge. Dr. Hale preached the baccalaureate sermon last Sunday.

The types made me say, last week, that the pen-name 'Oliver Optic' was first employed in 1881, instead of 1851.

BOSTON, June 21, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Notes from Oxford

SINCE I last wrote, Mr. Froude has been appointed Professor of Modern History. He has since been here to look for a house and to be admitted Fellow of Oriel, but for his lectures we are to wait till next term. The teachers of history here for the most part viewed the appointment as a slight to Mr. S. R. Gardiner and to the subject, but others who are grateful to Mr. Froude the essayist, were not loth to see this honor done him.

There have been an unusually large number of miscellaneous lectures this term, within or without the University. Mr. Claude Montefiore of Balliol has been giving the Hibbert Lectures on the Religion of the Ancient Hebrews, which have been well attended here, and better still in London. Prof. Max Müller has emerged from his seclusion among the Sacred Books of the East to give two lectures on Esoteric Buddhism. Prof. Ramsay of Aberdeen, the greatest living authority on Asia Minor, is giving an interesting course at Mansfield College on Christianity in Asia Minor.

Meantime the city is being distracted by the appeals of the two Parliamentary candidates on the eve of the General Election. This will make the early days of the Long Vacation livelier than usual. But more educational interests will have a place. The University Extension Delegates are making arrangements for another Summer Meeting; and for the first time the authorities of Mansfield College have arranged for a three weeks' session for theological study in July, for the benefit of the ministers of Congregational and other churches. Some three hundred ministers are expected: and lectures have been arranged by eminent scholars of various churches.

Among new books by Oxford men are Prof. Percy Gardner's 'New Chapters in Greek History' (Murray), an admirable presentation of the results of archaeological research; 'Elizabeth Farnese,' by E. Armstrong (Longmans); C. W. C. Oman's 'Byzantium' (Fisher Unwin); a new edition of Mark Pattison's 'Isaac Casaubon,' (Clarendon Press); and 'The Contract of Sale in the Civil Law,' by Dr. Moyle (Clarendon Press).

The appointment of Prof. Sanday as Bampton Lecturer for 1893 has met with general approval. No man better fulfills the duties of professor in Oxford, and no one more happily combines sound scholarship and sympathetic appreciation in his theological judgments. His subject, the History of the Doctrine of Inspiration

has a special interest just now. Mr. Gladstone has promised to give the first Romanes Lecture next term, on some subject connected with the medieval universities. His article on 'Dante in Oxford' in *The Nineteenth Century* for June shows that his thoughts are turning that way already.

As I write, the Final Honor Schools are beginning. The number of candidates in the School of *Litera Humaniores* is specially large this year (152). The Modern History School comes next (134).

The beautiful monument to Shelly, which is now to be seen in the Royal Academy, is to be placed in University College.

OXONIENSIS.

The Lounger

I HAVE OFTEN SAID that if I were choosing a profession it would be that of a successful novelist. I might put the word 'English' after the word successful, for the successful English novelist is more successful than the American. The successful American novelists—that is to say, those who are paid big prices for their work—are so few that you could count them all upon the fingers of one hand (I had almost said the thumbs of one hand); but just look at them in England! There are Mrs. Humphry Ward, Rudyard Kipling, Stevenson, Barrie, Quiller-Couch, Rider Haggard and Hall Caine, not to mention Florence Warden and the 'Ouidas,' 'Tasmas,' 'Ritas,' and half a dozen more, who are handsomely paid for their work. It is said that Mr. Caine has signed agreements for a series of three books not yet written, and that his gross advance payments for all rights, serials, English book, American book, and translations (not including copyrights) were fixed at more than 7000*l.* The most of those whom I have mentioned are comparatively new people; they have only recently become known, and yet they are already enjoying the pleasures and emoluments of fame.

AND THE POPULAR French novelist is even better off than his fellow-craftsmen across the Channel. The Paris correspondent of the London *Author* writes that the tale-teller who has made a hit in the gay capital sells his story first to a newspaper, whose editor pays him perhaps 3000*l.* for the privilege of printing it as a *feuilleton*.

Then it is published in volume form. Then Rouff, or some other publisher of the same class, brings it out again in weekly penny parts, paying the author at least as much as was paid for the original serial rights. Such publishers spend immense sums on advertising their publications, both by colored posters all over France and by displayed announcements and puffs in the papers. Later on it is republished in book form, the illustrated weekly parts being bound up into a cheap volume. Then, after a while, the smaller Parisian journals, or provincial papers, whose proprietors cannot afford original *feuilletons*, arrange with the Society of Authors for the use of it, so that in ten years the same serial may have appeared in fifty different papers in various parts of France. The author gets a large share of the 'boodle' in each transaction.

WHAT A PITY that Mrs. Gladstone is not an actress or a prima donna, for she has just had an opportunity of advertising herself that would have been a godsend to a member of either of those professions. She lost a 400*l.* pair of diamond earrings in a railway carriage. After some telegraphing back and forth, they were found among the sweepings at the place where the carriage was cleaned. In the gratitude of her heart Mrs. Gladstone gave 4*l.* to a railway charity and a guinea to the man who found the jewels.

WHEN THEY PRINTED the names of twenty-four authors on the title-page of one book, 'The Fate of Fenella,' the Cassell Publishing Co. thought they were doing something extraordinary; and so they were. Two names are about as many as one often sees on a title-page, and four-and-twenty authors baked into a single book was a thing to attract attention. But this achievement has been quite thrown in the shade by a book recently published in London called 'Land: Its Attractions and Riches,' which proudly carries the weight of 'Fifty-seven authors' on its title-page. From a paragraph in *The Publishers' Circular* I learn that 'The Fate of Fenella' has had quite a success in England, that Baron Tauchnitz has arranged to bring it out on the Continent, and that "all the authors benefit by the sale of the novel."

L. V. WRITES TO ME:—Your correspondent, W. E. G., is quite right in his conjecture that "Loti," the pen-name of M. Julien Viaud, is an Oceanian word. It is Maori, and is the name of a

flower which is unknown out of Polynesia; hence the word is not translatable. M. Viaud spent a considerable portion of his youth at Tahiti, where this pretty floral nickname was bestowed upon him by the sirens of Queen Pomare's court.

A NEWARKER BOUGHT a picture in May for \$100, which he expects to sell for \$125,000. At least he declares that to be the valuation of its 'companion,' by Rubens, in the Royal Academy at Munich. It is 58x43 inches in size, but the owner doesn't rely upon its dimensions to prove its authenticity. O no! he is not so unsophisticated as all that. He points, says the *Tribune*, 'to the letters in the lower left-hand corner of the picture, which are easily discernible with the use of a glass.' The letters "P. P. ---ens" are discernible in the lower left corner, and there are spaces where the "Rub" may be obliterated (or rubbed out). Ay, but there is *not* the 'Rub'; and it is quite conceivable that it was never there; or if it was there, that it was put there by another brush than that of Peter Paul. The owner is going to ask William M. Chase to look at his \$125,000 'find,' and will send photographs of it to the various foreign capitals—presumably in the hope of attracting some 'foreign capital' to Newark, N. J., in exchange for the painting he 'picked up' last month in a barbershop.

'THE AMERICANS forget their notable writers occasionally,' the London *Chronicle* observes. 'Mr. John Bright once horrified all lovers of style by telling a Birmingham audience to read Bancroft's "History," and with all its faults Bancroft's "History" is a very interesting book. Is Mr. Bancroft still alive?' asks a correspondent of *The Critic*. 'Mr. Bancroft—none the worse for his forty or more volumes—is alive, and resides at San Francisco.' This is simply delicious. I wonder, by the way, how much of Hubert Howe Bancroft's success, such as it has been, can fairly be attributed to his name. So far as merit goes, the living Californian and his illustrious namesake were as wide apart as the oceans on whose shores they dwelt.

FROM J. W. B. OF NEW ORLEANS I have received this tid-bit:—"What does the Lounger think of the following piece of mingled sentiment and art criticism, from one of the Great Unpublished? 'Never turn a deaf ear or threaten to walk over the little, ragged, dirty fellow that you meet in the street with a face drawn and pinched with neglect, sorrow and hunger portrayed there and standing out in bold relief, decidedly more forcible than even Millet's *Angelo*.'" I think very highly of it, and don't think it could easily be matched.

THE LOCAL PAPERS record the fact that when a certain resident of Fifty-fourth Street, who writes 'M.D.' after his name, was recently brought before Justice McMahon at the Tombs Police Court, accused of practicing medicine without a diploma or license, he made a novel plea in his defence, declaring that he never represented himself to be a physician. For the last twenty-two years he had been a dentist in this city, he said, and the letters 'M.D.' after his name meant simply 'Mechanical Dentist.' He waived examination and was held for trial. This reminds me of the astute German commentator's discovery that the mysterious W. H., whose identity has so puzzled the students of Shakespeare's sonnets, was none other than William Himself.

THE REV. C. F. R. OF WOONSOCKET, S. D., writes to me as follows:—"In regard to the suggestion of W. H. H. in your issue of May 14, I fail to see that the translation "He giveth his beloved during sleep" in Barry's "Teachers' Prayer-Book" is a more correct one than that given in Mrs. Browning's poem. The Hebrew does not satisfy me that it is. Being thus dissatisfied, I wrote to my former instructor in Hebrew, Prof. Willis I. Beecher of Auburn Theological Seminary, in regard to it, and I know he will have no objection to my quoting from his reply:

'I think that the verse is capable of either translation. That is, you may either make "sleep" a direct accusative or an adverbial accusative. The earliest version makes it a direct accusative. There is a strong opinion among scholars in favor of the other rendering, but I fail to see that their reasonings are conclusive. The "for" supplied in rendering should be omitted. Translate "Thus He giveth sleep to His beloved." "Thus He giveth it." What does "thus" mean? How doth He give it? He giveth it by making them feel the truth of the previous lines—namely, that after all, everything depends on God, rather than on human pains, so that having done our best, we may sleep sweetly, and leave all to Him.'

The Fine Arts

The East Side Loan Exhibiton

THE FIRST FREE ART loan exhibition given by the East Side Art League under the auspices of the University Settlement Society was opened at 73 Allen Street on Monday evening. More than one hundred works by some of the best modern masters were shown, besides a portrait attributed to Rubens. Among the contributors to the exhibition are President Low of Columbia, Mr. Henry Villard, Mr. Henry Holt, Mrs. Gotthold, Mr. Russell Sturgis, Mr. S. Untermyer, Mr. Nathan Straus, Mr. William M. Chase, and *Harper's Monthly* and *The Century*. The list of artists includes Corot, Cazin, Volland, Daubigny, J. Perrault, Jérôme, Kowalski, F. S. Church, Bierstadt, Lefebvre, Huntington, Gabriel Max, W. M. Chase, J. Francis Murphy, Homer Martin, Bruce Crane, George H. Bogert, J. G. Brown, Alfred Parsons, Edwin A. Abbey, W. Hamilton Gibson, Frederic Remington, Joseph Pennell, C. Dana Gibson and Sandford R. Gifford. Most of the work of hanging and arranging was done by Mr. James K. Paulding, who, like Mr. Stover, has made his home in a tenement-house in the neighborhood, for the purpose of carrying out his ideas of social work.

In its notice of the opening night, the *Times* said:—

Each visitor was presented with a ticket, called a ballot, on which was written in English and Hebrew: 'I like best of the nature pictures No. —; of the others, No. —. Name, —.' These were deposited in a tin box and will not be counted until the end of the exhibition, which will continue for two weeks. An east side picture-gallery visitor—and the first of these may be taken as a type for the future—comes early and stays late. He goes carefully through the catalogue, reading every word of description thereon, and takes a long and seemingly critical look at the picture. The nature subjects seem to please most, especially where there is a story told in the painting. At the Allen Street art-gallery the audience last night was distinctly Hebraic, although there were many representatives of other races. But the population of the neighborhood so largely prevailed that it was decided to print the future catalogues in Hebrew as well as in English, as many of the visitors complained that they could not understand the text.

The *Tribune* had this to say of the catalogue:—

The projectors of the exhibition have expended much pains to bring its meaning and value home to their visitors, and thereby produce as deep an impression as possible. Much attention has been bestowed upon the catalogue, which has been made an interesting and useful document, modelled after *The Pall Mall Gazette's* catalogue to the National Gallery in London, and is especially well adapted to further the object of the exhibitors by its fulness and suggestiveness. All sorts of comment and quotation upon the subjects of the pictures are included in this catalogue, from Dryden down to Prof. Huxley. A prefatory note states that the catalogue is not intended for connoisseurs or artists, but for the 'common people,' for whom its comments are better adapted than the barren catalogues of names issued by the academies and museums. The whole is the work of Charles B. Stover.

The loan exhibition is only part of a scheme for interesting and instructing those to whom poverty forbids the pleasures of art. The Society under whose auspices the exhibition is made proposes later on to provide a course of entertaining and enlightening lectures, and has had promises of assistance from such men as Mr. Carl Schurz, who has already signified his willingness to lecture before those whom it is desired to reach.

Art Notes

MR. DU MAURIER, says *The Pall Mall Budget*, had a big audience to hear his lecture at the Prince's Hall, and a very strong platform to support him. Mr. Alma Tadema took the chair, and by his side were Sir John Millais, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. The lecture lasted an hour and a half, and was illustrated by limelight reproductions of drawings by Leech, Keene and Mr. Du Maurier himself. It was an extremely clever and interesting performance.

—Mr. Walter Crane, who has been in this country for several months, has recently made East Gloucester, Mass., his headquarters. He will spend a few weeks at Nantucket and sail for England in July.

—Mr. Potter Palmer of Chicago bought at the Cottier sale the 'Orpheus,' by Corot, for \$23,000, and the landscape for \$13,000.

Althorp Library to be Sold

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC cables to the *Times* that Lord Spencer has probably been induced to offer Althorp Library for sale by the birth of a son to his brother, who will need more money than the earldom can now command if he should succeed to the title and estate. He thinks that the sale next year will be 'the greatest

event in the whole history of bibliomania,' and declares that 'all previous records of fancy prices are expected to be knocked endwise in the contest between the State libraries and museums and great millionaire collectors.' Mr. Smalley cables to the *Tribune* as follows:—

'Lord Spencer has put the better part of this matchless collection in Messrs. Sotheby's hands to dispose of, if they can, as a whole; if not, to disperse by auction next year. The whole library contains perhaps toward one hundred thousand titles, and at least four or five thousand of the very highest order of excellence. The portion Lord Spencer sells comprises the contents of the square room at the south end of Althorp House, all that gives the library its immense fame. The rest of the books, filling most of the rooms on the same floor, are of no special value. Foreign libraries, like the Duc d'Aumale's or the late Baron James de Rothschild's and others, may be left out of the comparison. There is not, and there never has been, in England any private collection of books equal to this or comparable to this. It is rich in block books, in early Bibles, in incunabula of all the most precious kinds, including most of the most famous first editions of the Greek and Latin classics. It has more than 600 Aldines; it has fifty-seven Caxtons, more than the British Museum itself, if duplicates are not counted in. It has treasures the mere mention of which would fill the whole of your page. They are, as a rule, in good condition as the Sunderland books were in bad. That is not a hearsay opinion, but the result of a good many hours spent among them.'

'It is deplorable that this magnificent library should be sold. It will be more deplorable still if America does not claim it. Never again will there be such an opportunity. It will be sold to America in one lot if America chooses to give the price, which has not yet been fixed. Experts are now engaged in valuing it. The American or Americans who out of his or their abundance should find the money for the whole, and give the library to the nation, would be a nobler benefactor to his country than anybody has yet had a chance of being as a giver of books.'

"Elucidating" Tennyson

ONE OF OUR reviewers, commenting in *The Critic* of May 14 upon the communication of a correspondent who criticised his interpretation of Caponsacchi's allusion to 'the Tract "De Tribus,"' called attention to various recent slips in annotated editions of Tennyson. The matter has fallen under the eye of the London *Daily News* (one of the aliases of Mr. Andrew Lang), and the following bit of banter is the result:—

There must be something wrong, somewhere, when learned Professors set about explaining the works of modern poets, and do not explain them rightly. This process is going on, not only as regards the poems of Mr. Browning, in which, as St. Peter says of St. Paul's letters, are many things hard to be understood. Lord Tennyson, too, has his eager but incompetent scholiasts. Now it is natural that there should be difficulties in the works of old writers, because they alluded to many matters intelligible in their time, but long since forgotten. Again, even such comparatively recent authors as Shakespeare have been recklessly ill-printed, and we must guess at what the poet really wrote. Even modern authors, in late editions, are ill-printed; and when Thackeray is made to say that a boy excelled in 'running and pumping,' one need not be a Porson to see that he must have written 'jumping.' As for the classical ancients, their text has been so corrupted in the long generations of manuscript, that conjectural emendations are very tempting. * * *

The Critic, of New York, contains a few examples of professional commentaries on Lord Tennyson. For instance—

How fares it with the happy dead?
For now the man is more and more,
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

Here the sense is as plain as a pike-staff. Does the dead forget the days of life on earth, as the adult man forgets what occurred before the sutures in his head were closed; when he was a small baby in fact? That is the poet's question. Why he calls the sutures 'doorways' is another matter, but any one can see what he is driving at—any one, that is, except a Professor. He, worthy man, thinks that the doorways in the head are the eyes and ears. These are closed, or shut, in extreme old age, when the man becomes more or less deaf and blind. But unless he also becomes idiotic he does not forget the days before he was blind and deaf. Indeed he remembers those days much more vividly than recent

occurrences. Nor is the man 'more and more' as he becomes deafener and blinder, but on the contrary. Nevertheless this egregious Professor, editing 'In Memoriam' for the use of schools—and what a silly task is his!—explains that the Laureate refers to a doddering old gentleman who is losing his senses. It is a weary thing to read 'In Memoriam' as a lesson book, but matters are not made clearer when a Professor meddles with poetry. An Editor of Dryden, finding a certain marine animal sporting freely in the main, elucidated it as a porcupine. He might have remembered that

The eagle tries the liquid air.
Not so the tortoise—and still less the bear;
Or who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
Clap her broad wings, and claim the equal skies?

It was not a porcupine that Dryden spoke of, it was a porpoise. Occasionally, perhaps, the Laureate is to blame. When he makes Liberty perch on this 'right little, tight little island,' and 'god-like, grasp the triple forks,' we all think of Britannia, on a penny, with a trident, or leister, in her hand. But Lord Tennyson meant like Jove with his thunder-bolts, *trisulca fulmina*. Probably few people did not err here with the professors, rather than agree with the poet. We thought of

Daddy Neptune one day
To Freedom did say,
'If ever I live upon dry land,
The place I will hit on
Shall be little Britain.'
Said Freedom, 'Why, that's my own Island?'

When the Laureate says

The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the Eastern sky

as 'morning broadened,' he manifestly does not mean the Sun. Morning has ceased to broaden when the sun is up. But another Professor, rejecting the claims of the Morning Star to be captain, declares for the sun as the officer in question. Even in the exquisite lines about 'Crossing the Bar,' the density of criticism was unable to understand the allusion to 'My Pilot,' and gave an explanation too silly to be laughable. As well might we regard the birds which were crying and calling 'Maud, Maud, Maud' as—nightingales! * * *

"Dinners with Novelists"

'DINNERS WITH NOVELISTS,' by Maurice Francis Egan, is the title of an article in *The Literary Northwest* which attracts the eye mainly by the 'LL.D., Notre Dame University' appended to the author's name. One is surprised to find a university professor—an LL.D., withal—discoursing on so light a topic, and doing so in a style as imponderable as his theme. The opening paragraph is delightful:—

The art of dining in literature is as important as it is in real life. We have lost all respect for the heroines in white satin of the beginning of this century, who never dined at all. At the most, they 'quaffed a clear draught from a crystal spring,' and plucked a ripe peach from an over-laden tree just after Orlando had rescued them from the brigand's cave; or perhaps they touched their ruby lips to the cup of milk, and barely tasted the white bread which some shepherd brought them; consequently they are dead and forgotten. The perils they endured in haunted castles and in damp caves, in the inevitable white satin dresses, might have been mitigated by a decent dinner. As to the heroes, they never ate at all; it was beneath their dignity—and they are dead, too! All, all are gone, the old familiar fasters!

Dr. Egan goes on to tell which of the story-tellers spread the most tempting boards. Thus, 'of the modern fashionable novelists, there is probably the most good eating in Ouida and Miss Braddon.' But 'there is a strange unreality about Ouida's dinners,' garnished though they be with 'scraps of Latin and chunks of French and allusions to Baudelaire, Obermann, the Piper that played before Moses, and other names known only to the *femme savante*'; and the accomplished author neglects to tell us whether or not 'Lord Guilderoy put ice into that Falernian, worth a hundred guineas a drop.' Who could endure him longer, if he did? Though it is not alluded to here, there is a scene on a yacht in one of Ouida's stories, in which the revellers crown each other with roses dipped in Burgundy. As for the other lady's viands:—

Miss Braddon's characters eat a great deal, and she tells us what they eat. In moments of exalted emotion, we generally find them with wood strawberries and champagne fine; but an elopement, not of the comic kind, or a suicide seldom occurs in her pages unless there is *au de foie gras* somewhere about. She does not disdain Welsh rabbits and bitter beer. * * * The dinners, if a little too long and common, are never so impossible as Ouida's; but—and I beg her pardon—they have an air of being made up from a hotel bill-of-fare. This is fatal.

A novelist should always taste every dish before he serves it. How unsatisfactory Lord Beaconsfield is in this respect. Gold glitters, barbaric plate-glass candelabra flame, but the feast is really Barnecidal. That man was capable of serving a half orange or a boiled peacock on a gold salver; and if he did not adorn roast pheasants with diamond necklaces it was because he did not think of the atrocity. He was capable of anything—but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*:

Dickens spread too bountiful and heterogeneous a board, and the learned Dr. Egan has 'always had a suspicion that the reason why Little Neil and Paul Dombeey and others of Dickens's children died so young, was because he did not know how to feed them properly.'

Charles Kingsley's people never dine; they feed; they are fit companions for creatures who revel in pie. Thackeray is different; he is, perhaps, too fond of whitebait; but he had a really Parisian taste; he knew how to respect the feelings of the cook he immortalized. Of all English novelists, he is the only one worthy of a crown of parsley leaves. * * * The worst we can say of him is that he was not advanced. But how perfect his harmonies are compared with the discords of Ward McAllister; he is as the 'Moonlight Sonata' to 'Annie Rooney.'

One does not look to a new country for the niceties of gastronomy, even if Brillat-Savarin was once a New Yorker; so the Western professor has found something wanting at the tables of the fictionists of America.

Little can as yet be said of our American novelists; Howells, Crawford, James, Arthur Hardy, are susceptible, but self-conscious; they think too much of their evening suits, and seem always afraid that a drop of gravy will fall on their shirt fronts. Howells, in 'A Hazard of New Fortunes,' was almost great in his description of a dinner in an Italian restaurant in New York; but he has never risen above that. He has done enough to make us hope that he will one day teach his fellow-countrymen that simplicity and lack of haste are the principal virtues of a perfect dinner. Then he may say his *Nunc Dimittis*.

There was once a story in the *Ledger*, we recollect, in which the heroine, who had married a great lord, and found England dull after her Western village, exclaimed, 'It is nothing but my violet velvet and veal one day and my mauve moire and mutton the next!'

Current Criticism

LOTI'S REALISM AND ZOLA'S.—Certainly, it is not from prudery that M. Loti took up his parable against the naturalism of the gutter. His own books deal freely with matters which are the staple of modern French fiction, and he goes beyond many a writer of his time in his disregard of conventionalities which, elsewhere than in France, are commonly observed. But the difference between his method and M. Zola's is plain and broad. The author of 'Pêcheur d' Islande' and of 'Mme. Chrysanthème' discourses of the relations between the sexes because they come in his way; they are part of his theme. The author of 'Pot Bouille' and of 'La Terre' goes out of his way in search of them, and of worse. He has a theory of literature according to which the facts of life that are indecent are those with which literature should chiefly concern itself; and should treat them in the most indecent way. They are the famous, or infamous, 'human documents.' 'It is my duty to describe what I see,' says M. Zola, and therefore shuts his eyes to what is lovely and of good report, and goes groping and prying into every artificial accumulation of filth he can hear of. Every writer must select. M. Zola selects what others reject; he is animal, bestial, obscene, by deliberate choice. I suppose he chooses that which is most congenial; perhaps also that which will sell best. And it is to the service of these enormities that he puts gifts as a writer equal to the gifts of all but the greatest of his time.—*G. W. S., in the Tribune*.

PRUENT PRUDERY.—The most extraordinary amendment offered on May 26 was by Mr. Butler of Iowa. Here it is:—

Provided: That there shall not be exhibited in the art-gallery of the World's Columbian Exposition or in either of the annexes thereof any painting which shall contain a nude or partially nude figure or figures. Nor shall there be permitted to be exhibited in the said art-gallery or its annexes or in any part of the grounds of the said Exposition any statue or group which shall contain a nude or partially nude figure or figures, but that all such figures shall be properly and modestly draped in such manner as will conform to the 'American standard of purity in art,' as petitioned for by a large number of the people of this country. This abominable amendment was rejected at once, and Art breathes freely; otherwise we should be the laughing-stock of the world, and educated men and women would be hanging their heads in shame. Imagine Halsey C. Ives, F. D. Millet and other art experts of the World's Fair rejecting Titian's Venus and Mary Magdalene, or Bouguereau's more modern creations, in obedience to the dictates of prurient prudes! Imagine these experts putting chitons on casts of Venus di Milo, and Venus di Medici, and

trousers on Apollo Belvedere! D'd ever ignorance further go in the House of Representatives? Let Mr. Butler go home and tell his constituents that what is most needed for our salvation is a higher American standard of purity in thought. When Mr. Butler remembers that man is made in the image of God and that a sound body indicates a sound mind, it may dawn upon him that the study of the nude from a religious point of view is necessary even for the completion of his own education.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

THE 'BUCHANAN RETREAT.'—When I read in a contemporary that the sum of 35,000 £ had been left by several maiden ladies for the endowment of a 'Buchanan Retreat' at Glasgow, I must admit that I was stirred by a feeling of lively anticipatory satisfaction. For my first notion, not unnaturally, was that this Glasgow institution must be intended for the future home of that irrepressible member of the Clan Buchanan, who, as poet, playwright, and philosopher, has so long been wasting his variegated sweetness on the desert air of an alien land. True, it was hard to fancy the aggressive Robert 'retreating' across the border, or anywhere else; but, on the other hand, it seemed quite possible that the chance of occupying 'a handsome building, capable of accommodating sixteen persons, and standing in three and a quarter acres of ground,' would prove irresistibly tempting to a writer with so many literary aliases as the author of 'Foxglove Manor' and 'The Outcast.' But, alas! on looking more closely at the announcement, I found that the 'Buchanan Retreat' was intended for 'indigent burgesses of Glasgow bearing that proud surname'; and I fear, therefore, that we shall still have to put up with the presence of the many-sided Robert in our midst.—*London Truth.*

THE POEM OF BROWNING'S LIFE INCOMPLETE.—No matter, surely, to those who pass on, what becomes of their worn-out, cast-off 'clothes,' but great matter to the world of sentiment which makes life beautiful. The poet expressed himself still more strongly on this point the summer before his death, telling his sister that he wished to be buried wherever he might die: if in England, with his mother; if in France, with his father; if in Italy, with his wife. He died at Venice, in that land which long ago he called 'the woman country,' and of which he wrote:—

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, Italy.

There was every reason then that the ashes of Robert Browning should mingle with those of his wife. The sole excuse is that further interments in the Florentine Cemetery had been prohibited; but Signor Crispi would have appealed to Parliament to rescind that order, and no one doubts but his appeal would have been granted. So Robert Browning lies not where his heart lay, and the poem of his life remains forever incomplete.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

THOMAS HARDY'S VIEW OF WOMEN.—It is the low view of women pervading all Mr. Hardy's novels that robs him, and will continue to rob him, of the full sympathy of his readers. It is not that Mr. Hardy is in the habit of filling his novels with bad women, with Becky Sharps or Beatrixes—that might be a defect of judgment, or of knowledge of the world, but it would not poison his novels. What Mr. Hardy does is to paint the average woman—the woman who is neither all good nor all bad, the woman to whom our sympathies are intended, in a great measure, to be directed—as a creature devoid of any approach to nobility of instinct. They are often drawn as virtuous, kindly, and anxious to do as little harm as possible to those about them; but around the whole creation is suffused a sense of moral squalor which is often little less than revolting. * * * Mr. Hardy is obviously bitten by that love of depicting the irony of human existence which is characteristic of so much modern fiction, and this irony is well displayed by contrasting a heroic with an animal nature. Either the man or the woman has to be heroic, but both must not be. Granted this rule, the writer who finds himself in greater artistic sympathy with men than with women will give the preference to his male characters.—*The Spectator.*

SWEEPING BACK THE ATLANTIC.—Just as a French bishop in Quebec is working hopelessly against nature in trying to make the future generation [in New England] French, so any American bishop has the same inevitable current against him when he tries to make our young people English by printing an annual list of some hundred and fifty volumes 'approved' for Sunday-schools—without an American book among them! Of course it will have a certain influence. Many a boy will be disappointed when he receives a beautifully illustrated book called 'The Birds We See,'

and finds that it is devoted to birds he has never seen; or opens an exciting work called 'Our Sea Coast Heroes,' and finds that no heroism has the episcopal approval unless it belongs to some other nation and some other sea coast. But, after all, the good bishop's well-meant little efforts will be powerless, with the whole spirit of the place and age against him. Free public libraries will invade the best guarded diocese, and the fact that books are now sometimes written in America will come through a thousand channels into the minds of youth. How curious it is that while this little drama of lingering colonialism is played upon one side of the Atlantic, it has lately come to light upon the other side that the two books oftenest found in the cottages of English peasants—after the Bible and the 'Pilgrim's Progress'—were both written by Americans! 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and the 'Wide, Wide World,' it seems, are still read till they are worn out by multitudes to whom the very names of Scott and Dickens are utterly unknown. The unseen moulding influences are thus brought to bear, it would seem, the world over; but their most constant operation is going on at our very side.—*T. W. H., in Harper's Bazaar.*

Notes

ZOLA'S 'Débâcle' ('The Downfall') was issued in Paris on Tuesday in an edition said to number 160,000 copies. The Cassell Publishing Co. brought out a copyrighted American edition on the same day.

—'The Naulahka' will be published here by Macmillan & Co. and in London by William Heinemann. Wolcott Balestier, Mr. Kipling's collaborator, was Mr. Heinemann's partner in the enterprise of establishing the English Library on the Continent, and the book will, very naturally, be published in that series. It is also to appear in French and German simultaneously with its publication in English.

—Mr. Irving Bacheller of the Bacheller Syndicate has written for Charles L. Webster & Co.'s Fiction, Fact and Fancy Series 'The Master of Silence: A Romance.'

—Among the writers in *Harper's* for July are James Russel Lowell, Andrew Lang, T. B. Aldrich, W. D. Howells and Mary E. Wilkins. Harper & Bros. will issue this month a new volume of poems by Will Carleton, entitled 'City Festivals'; Maria Louise Pool's latest novel, 'Mrs. Keats Bradford,' and 'The Magic Ink, and Others Stories,' by William Black.

—The Rev. Dr. William E. Griffis of Boston will sail on the Netherlands steamer Maasdam on July 22 for ten weeks' trip to Holland and the eastern counties of England. He has been studying, for some time past, Dutch influences in the moulding of the American Republic.

—The large-paper edition of the novels of E. P. Roe to be issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. will be sold by subscription only.

—Mr. Aldrich published in *Scribner's* for January 1888 a short poem entitled 'White Edith.' Its theme has had a strong hold upon his fancy, and in the July issue of the magazine will appear a long poem with the same title, which is an elaboration of the old idea. Major Joseph Kirkland, author of 'Zury,' contributes the fourth article in the Poor Series, 'Among the Poor in Chicago,' being a popular account of the peculiar conditions which affect the life of the poor in a great city of very rapid growth and unlimited territory.

—Mr. Frank R. Stockton, President of the Aldine Club, was the 'star' speaker at the recent annual dinner of the Authors Society in London.

—Henry Stevens & Son, 39 Great Russell Street, W. C., London, will receive subscriptions from America, until July 11, for Henry Harrisse's 'Discovery of North America,' a critical documentary and historic investigation, by the well-known author of the 'Bibliotheca Americana Vetusissima.' The work will appear in one quarto volume of 800 pages, with 23 heliogravure plates and many illustrations in the text. Only 380 copies will be printed, and of these ten will be for the author and ten for the press. Of the remaining 360, ten will be on Japan-paper, at 12/- 16/-, forty on Dutch hand-made paper, at 7/- 4/-, and 310 on toned paper at 5/-.

—The National Book Co. has just published 'In the Roar of the Sea,' by S. Baring-Gould.

—Among the books which D. Appleton & Co. will bring out soon are a new novel by Rider Haggard, in a different vein from his earlier romances; 'A Thorny Path; or Per Aspera,' a new romance by Georg Ebers; 'Controverted Questions,' by Prof. Huxley; 'The Principles of Ethics,' Vol. I., by Herbert Spencer; 'The Canadian Guide-Book,' Part II. ('Western Canada'), by

Ernest Ingersoll; 'La Bella,' by Egerton Castle, in the Town and Country Library; 'Pictures from Roman Life and Story,' by Prof. A. J. Church; 'Footsteps of Fate,' by Louis Couperus, in the Holland Fiction Series; 'Cap'n Davy's Honeymoon,' by Hall Caine; 'The Naturalist in La Plata,' by W. H. Hudson; 'The Hope of the Gospel,' by George MacDonald; and a summer series of handy volumes in dainty bindings, by Hamlin Garland, Brander Matthews, George H. Jessop, and others.

—'Marie Corelli,' who seems to be the Queen's favorite novelist, is really Miss Marion Mackay, an adopted daughter of the late Dr. Charles Mackay.

—Dickens's old publishers, Chapman & Hall, are about to issue a new edition of his novels, in twenty volumes, at 25. 6d. a volume. This edition will be a reprint from that which was corrected by the author in 1867-8, and which may be said to embody his final revisions.

—A movement is on foot to erect a memorial in some conspicuous position in London in honor of the late Lord Lytton, and a committee has been formed to carry out the project. Lord Salisbury is prominent amongst those who are interesting themselves in the matter.

—Lord Tennyson, who is in exceptionally good health, has not yet left Farringford for Aldworth, said *The Athenaeum* of June 4. 'He is much interested in the Artillery Volunteer Corps that his son has been raising in the Isle of Wight. "Riflemen, Form," it will be remembered, was one of the first things to stir Englishmen to become Volunteers in 1859, and it has always been a great desire of his to see the movement extend much more widely than it has done.'

—The library of the late Mr. R. T. Cooke, a partner in the publishing-house of John Murray, which is to be sold at auction, is rich in the manuscripts of Lord Byron.

—Two women have been elected to fellowship at Yale University, and are the first to receive the distinction. Miss Mary Graham, Wesleyan, '89, who stood second in her class and received first honors in political science, has received a graduate fellowship. She has been teaching at the Mount Holyoke College. The other, Miss Mary Augusta Scott, an A.M. of Vassar, who has studied at Johns Hopkins and at the University of Cambridge, England, will work for the degree of doctor of philosophy. Both will begin their studies at Yale in the fall.

—The ladies are to be congratulated on the journal *Fashions of To-Day*, of which Sampson Low & Co. are the publishers. The colored plates, as well as the black and white drawings, are admirable, and prove that 'fashion plates' may be pretty and picturesque, and need not represent women who wear fashionable clothes as wooden things without expression.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press 'A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.—Le Comte de Cominges,' edited from his unpublished correspondence by J. J. Jusserand; 'Japan in Art and History,' by Felix Régamey; and 'The Fairy-Tales of India,' collected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. These three works are abundantly illustrated. The same firm will publish also 'The New Exodus,' Harold Frederic's letters to the New York *Times* on the condition of the Jews in Russia; 'Lyrics and Ballads of Heine, Goethe, and Other German Poets,' translated by Frances Hellman; 'Temperament, Disease, and Health,' by Com. F. E. Chadwick, U. S. N.; and 'Hygienic Measures in Relation to Infectious Diseases,' by George H. F. Nuttall, M. D.

—The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its forty-first meeting in Rochester, N. Y., August 16-24.

—A despatch from Northampton, Mass., dated June 16, says that a daughter has been born to Mrs. Elaine Eastman, née Goodale, the poet. Miss Elaine Goodale was married to Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman on June 18, 1891, at the Church of the Ascension in this city, her husband being a full-blooded Sioux educated in the East.

—Mrs. Terhune ('Mafion Harland') is at work on 'The Story of Mary Washington,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish next winter. A good many readers have been attracted by the quality of certain articles and verses which have recently appeared over the name of Virginia Franklin. A very few people—less than half a dozen—know that the author is Mrs. Virginia Terhune Van de Water, daughter of 'Marion Harland' and sister of Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick. Mrs. Van de Water lives at Pompton, N. J., near Sunnybank, her mother's home.

—Bishop Phillips Brooks sailed for Europe this week on the Majestic.

—Signor Crispi, the ex-Prime Minister of Italy, discusses the Italian situation in an important article in the July number of *The*

North American Review. In the same magazine the curious difference between the methods and reports of English and American reporters are described in an article by Edward Porritt, London correspondent of *The Evening Post*.

—Last year the Boston Book Co. imported some old books that had been rebound. The Collector of the Port of New York classified them for duty at 25 per cent. *ad valorem*. The importers protested on the ground that the books were free under paragraph 512 as books printed, bound or manufactured more than 20 years at the date of importation; and the Collector has at last been instructed to refund the duties exacted, and to apply the ruling of the court in other similar cases.

—The object of the Rowfant Club, recently established in Cleveland, Ohio, is primarily the critical study of books, and secondarily the publication of privately printed editions of books for members. It is limited to sixty resident members, and fifteen non-resident, the fee for membership being fifty dollars and twenty-five dollars, respectively, with ten dollars for yearly dues. The Hon. John C. Covert, editor of the Cleveland *Leader*, is the President of the Club. Mr. Charles Orr (formerly of New York), Librarian of the Case Library, has been one of the leading movers in the enterprise. The Code of Regulations has just been tastefully printed at the University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

—*Public Opinion*, London, quotes from *The Author* Mr. Walter Besant's comments on *The Critic's Immortals* who have passed away since our readers elected them in 1884.

Out of these fourteen, how many are there whose principal works could be enumerated by the average reader, or even by the student of literature? Not that one would scoff at their Immortality. Such an English list would probably show as many blanks after eight years; the voice of the living is always listened to before the voice of the dead, and posterity will have its own favorites. Immortality, in fact, is limited, save for the very, very few. Happy is the man who can please or instruct his own generation; happy he who can make them listen to him; more happy still if he does not in the least trouble his head about posterity.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Ambrosi, M. <i>Italian Child-Life</i> . 75c.	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Austin, J. <i>Mansfield Park</i> . 2 vols. \$2.50.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Baring-Gould, S. <i>In the Roar of the Sea</i> .	National Book Co.
Barrie, J. M. <i>When a Man's Single</i> . 55c.	Waverly Co.
Bates, A. <i>Told in the Game</i> . \$1.25.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Beddoe, F. E. <i>Animal Coloration</i> . \$3.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Binney, C. C. <i>Merits and Defects of the Pennsylvania Ballot Law of 1869</i> . 50c.	Phila.: Am. Acad. of Pol. and Soc. Sciene.
Black, W. <i>Madcap Violet</i> .	Harper & Bros.
Bosanquet, B. <i>History of Ästhetic</i> . \$2.75.	Macmillan & Co.
Bouger, D. C. <i>Lord William Bentinck</i> . 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Bradford, T. L. <i>Homeopathic Bibliography</i> . \$3.50.	Phila.: Boerke & Tafel.
Campbell, D. <i>The Puritan in Holland, England and America</i> . Harper & Bros.	
Cobb, A. G. <i>Earth-Burial and Cremation</i> . \$1.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Cohn, M. M. <i>Introduction to the Study of the Constitution</i> . \$1.50.	Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Cumings, E. <i>Miss Matilda Archambault van Dorn</i> . 75c.	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Denney, J. <i>Epistles to the Thessalonians</i> .	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Dolbear, A. E. <i>Matter, Ether and Motion</i> . \$1.75.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Gerard, D. <i>A Queen of Curds and Cream</i> .	D. Appleton & Co.
Grindon, L. H. <i>Lamassure</i> . 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Hall, G. <i>Far From To-Day</i> . 51.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Harrison, Mrs. B. <i>Flower de Hundred</i> . 50c.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Head, J. <i>A Charge for France, and Other Stories</i> . 50c.	Harper & Bros.
Homer. <i>Iliad</i> . Book VI. Ed. by G. M. Edwards.	Macmillan & Co.
Howell, J. M. <i>A Common Mistake</i> .	St. Paul, Minn.: Price-McGill Co.
Hutton, L. <i>Literary Landmarks of London</i> .	Harper & Bros.
Layard, G. S. <i>Life and Letters of Charles Keene</i> . \$8.	Macmillan & Co.
Magill, E. H. <i>Reading French Grammar</i> . 60c.	Phila.: C. Sower Co.
Mc'Caleb, T. Anthony Melgrave. \$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Meissner, Mme. de. <i>A Tcherkesse Prince</i> .	Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.
Milton's <i>Paradise Lost</i> . Books XI. and XII. Ed. by A. W. Verity.	
Neivins, W. S. <i>Witchcraft in Salem Village</i> . \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Ovid. <i>Metamorphoseon</i> . I. Ed. by L. D. Dowall.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Parlor, M. <i>Appledoore Cook Book</i> . 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Plato. <i>Dialogues</i> . Tr. by B. Jowett. 5 vols. \$20.	Boston: Chas. E. Brown & Co.
Price, L. D. <i>Nurses and Nursing</i> .	Macmillan & Co.
Ridgeway, W. <i>Origin of Currency and Weight Standards</i> .	Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent.
Ridpath, J. C. <i>The United States</i> . \$3.75.	Macmillan & Co.
Rita. <i>The Man in Possession</i> . \$1.	U. S. History Co.
Roberts, M. <i>The Mate of the Vancouver</i> . 50c.	Hovendon Co.
Schiller, F. <i>Thirty Years' War</i> . Book III. Ed. by K. Breul.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Serampore Letters. Ed. by L. and M. Williams. \$1.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Shakespeare, Home and Haunts of. Sec. VII., VIII., IX. \$1.50 each.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Sims, G. R. <i>Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law</i> . 50c.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Swinburne, A. C. <i>The Sisters</i> . \$1.25.	Waverly Co.
Talleyrand, Memoirs of. Ed. by Duc de Broglie. Vol. V. \$2.50.	U. S. Book Co.
Thomas, R. <i>Leaders of Thought</i> .	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Traubel, H. L. <i>At the Graveside of Walt Whitman</i> . 50c.	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Whiting, C. E. <i>The Complete Music Reader</i> . 50c.	Camden, N. J.: H. L. Traubel.
Wigston, W. F. C. <i>The Columbus of Literature</i> .	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Zola, E. <i>The Downfall</i> . Tr. by E. P. Robbins. \$1.50.	Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
	Cassell Pub. Co.

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